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TAKE A CHANCE?

Whatever may be said, in general terms, against the morality of lotteries, this easy method of raising money has become a part of the regular machinery of charitable fairs, and every objection is met with the undeniable statement that it is both popular and successful. Many a one, who otherwise would not contribute a dime, will take a chance in a lottery, especially when assailed, like the nice young man in the accompanying sketch, with the pleasant cajoleries of charming young ladies. It is a singular and not very creditable fact that mere misery is less potent than many other influences to unlock a cash-box. All around us, within a short distance of our own homes, in streets through which we pass every day, there are hundreds and thousands of our fellow-beings painfully holding themselves just above the verge of starvation, or sinking below it in despair. We know this. We know that within a stone's-throw of our own comfortable homes there is more misery than many a hard-fought battle-field has seen. And yet, partly from custom, and partly from the deficiency in picturesque elements, we are less moved by this than by a single incident of war.

It must be confessed that our sympathies are sometimes moved by circumstances entirely independent of the merits of the case. The French Zouave, for example, is a highly picturesque figure, and makes a brilliant show in illustrations of the war. Nothing is more effective than a scene in a hospital or on the field of battle, where Sisters of Mercy bend over the dead and dying, priests with the crucifix in hand listen to the

TAKE A CHANCE?—[Drawn by C. R. Reinhart.]

last words of confession, and groups or masses of military fill the other parts of the sketch. Some such picture rises before our imagination when we are asked to contribute to a fund for the relief of the wounded. We do well to contribute liberally for this cause; but, at the same time, we should not forget that a New York laboring-man, sick and out of work, the starving seamstress, the poor widow and her children, and the wretched waifs of humanity that swarm in our streets, may suffer as keenly as the most picturesque gentleman that ever marched to glory in baggy trowsers.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1870.

Persons desiring to RENEW *their Subscription to this Paper will much oblige the Publishers by sending in their names as early as convenient* BEFORE THE EXPIRATION OF THEIR PRESENT SUBSCRIPTION. *This will obviate the delay attendant upon re-entering names and mailing back Numbers.*

THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

With this Number of the WEEKLY *we present our readers with a splendid Supplement, giving a Bird's-eye View of the Lower Part of New York and Brooklyn, and the proposed Bridge over the East River.*

A LESSON OF THE DAY.

THE retirement of Secretary Cox shows that the present system of the civil service is stronger than the President. At the head of a party Administration, he finds that the condition of party ascendency, recognized by both of the great political organizations and the accepted tradition of a generation, is, in Mr. MARCY'S famous phrase, that to the victors belong the spoils. General Cox is of course not ignorant of the immense force of the system, and in his letter offering his resignation he suggests that the President must decide whether his Administration can venture to provoke the hostility which would spring from his refusal to acquiesce in the usual practice. Since, then, it is a system strong enough to put the best men out of office, it will soon put honor itself out of politics. And when they are wholly gone it will be a little late to reflect that the application of the simplest principles of ordinary business to the management of the affairs of the government would have saved us from the total wreck in which we shall be involved.

When we make party zeal the sole tenure of office we make every election a ferocious struggle, literally, for life or the means of livelihood upon the part of the officers. They therefore desert their duty to influence the election. The national business remains undone, or is turned off in the hastiest and most slovenly manner, and the excitement of an election becomes a prolonged fury. But the officers are ill paid. They not only know that they will lose their places if the opposition comes in, but that they will be taxed heavily for the expenses of the election, and that they will be turned out for any suppliant who can command stronger political influence. They therefore make hay while the sun shines. The system incites them to dishonesty. It is not honesty, capacity, and industry, it is party management and large subscriptions, that keep them in office. It is a system, therefore, under which the offices of the government are really for sale. A subscription-paper, for instance, is passed through a department—Secretary Cox's or any other. The clerks are told that it is "voluntary." Young Jones, who has a salary of a thousand dollars and a large family, feels and says that he can not honestly afford to pay, and declines. Young Jones is consequently removed; and if he inquires why, is told that there are twenty gentlemen, just as good party men and just as capable clerks as he, who would gladly pay twice the amount of the "voluntary" subscription which he declined. If there is one who would pay ten times as much, the office is sold to him.

But who should pay if not those who enjoy the party prizes? innocently asks some old fox. But we are not speaking of party prizes. We are speaking of the offices of the government necessary to the faithful administration of affairs. They are not party prizes, they are public services. Parties, indeed, have appropriated them, and degraded them to prizes. But the question assumes the very iniquity. The alternative is simple. If the members of a party are not sufficiently interested in its success to pay the necessary honest expenses of an election, their convictions are not of a depth and sincerity which make their ascendency desirable. If they insist that the office-holders shall pay the expenses, they put up the civil service at auction, and foster an abuse which is fatal to honest government. Young Jones, who is faithful and honest, and just the officer whom the country wants, says, sadly, "I didn't go round with the boys and treat, nor attend the caucuses and the polls, nor pay a political tax, nor subscribe 'voluntarily,' and here I am!" Smith, at the next desk, says, "I couldn't starve, and so I paid my assessment to save my bread and butter, as I would give my purse to a robber to save my life." Jenkins, at the desk beyond, pays up and is silent. But he feathers his nest against the day of wrath. Thus it is a pleasing system, by which every fourth dollar received disappears, and by which every man's interest is to cheat, and not to serve, the government.

"Yes, it is a very bad system, but you can't do any thing about it." Not half as bad as slavery, and a great deal has been done about that. There never was an evil yet which was removed by saying that nothing could be done about it. It is by doing that the world warps ahead. When a ship goes ashore, or drifts among breakers, if the captain should complacently twirl his thumbs, and remark that it was a bad business, but nothing could be done, he might justly be thrown overboard as the JONAH of the disaster. If absolute venality and corruption are inseparable from politics, then the sooner decent men withdraw from them the sooner they will do their duty. But who believes such folly? Who does not know that the very system which was finally established by General JACKSON, in pursuance of MARCY'S principle, led at last to the utter overthrow of the Democratic party? Who does not know that there is no advice to the Republican party so contemptible as that it should imitate the methods of its opponents?

The fatal power and tendency of the present civil service system are now apparent. It constrains a President to sacrifice the better men in his own party. That sacrifice is necessarily attended by the disapproval of the best sentiment of the party. It tends to destroy that harmony and confidence which are indispensable to party success. The Administration, whose purity of purpose we do not doubt, should reflect that the political apathy of so many of the best men, of thousands and thousands of such men throughout the country, arises from the feeling that one party is as bad as another. It is a feeling which we deprecate and do not share, but the reason of which is mainly the apparent inability or reluctance of the Republican Administration to cope with this terrible evil. Meanwhile the better portion of the Democratic party feel that they are justified in not leaving their old camp lines when the practice of the opposition seems to be little better.

President GRANT, naturally unfamiliar with politics and politicians and political methods, is experimenting, and, as we believe, with perfect honesty. But if he considers the character of the Republican party and its natural tendencies, we believe that he will perceive his instinct at the beginning of his administration to have been correct, and that it is safer to alienate the mere party managers than the intelligent judgment of thoughtful American citizens.

A FRENCH APPEAL.

THE dignified, pathetic, and powerful appeal of M. AUGUSTE LAUGEL to the Americans, and to the Germans in America, in behalf of his country will not be without effect. M. LAUGEL is the friend and secretary of the Duc D'Aumale, and his wife is an American. He is a gentleman of the highest honor and intelligence, who came to us, full of sympathy, during our war, and upon his return published a work marked by the finest insight and clear judgment. He has been long exiled under the empire, with so many of the best Frenchmen; but the misfortune of his country touches him so deeply as to give to his appeal an eloquence all the more persuasive from the calm of intense feeling which appears in its tone. He begins by confessing the justice of the German indignation with "the unprovoked and wicked attack of the French Emperor." But as the war has now become one of conquest, its character is changed. Germany has no more right to dismember France than France would have had to divide Germany; and the situation shows that dismemberment is no longer essential to the security of Germany.

Has Germany a right to annex all German-speaking provinces? May she take German Switzerland and German Russia? Would Europe allow France to claim Belgium, Luxembourg, and Geneva? Alsace, M. LAUGEL asserts, has never been oppressed by France. When LOUIS XIV. persecuted the Protestants elsewhere he spared Alsace. The very prevalence of the German language in the province is the best proof that France has not interfered with the habits and customs of the people. And it is this policy which has made Alsace loyal to France. She became free, her peasants became proprietors, and her soldiers became generals, while Germany was still feudal. Germany can only invoke the right of conquest. She would hardly dare to trust an appeal to the inhabitants of the provinces. Besides, if the annexation could be accomplished, M. LAUGEL thinks that it would not be for the advantage of Germany. Alsace was a mediator between the countries. Through her German ideas penetrated France, and French ideas Germany. To annex the mediating territory is to isolate France completely, and intensify the national jealousy and hostility.

M. LAUGEL then turns to the Americans at large, and asks the voice of their sympathy for France in this terrible hour of her humiliation and ruin. "Now that we are vanquished," says this noble and honorable Frenchman; "that our faults are expiated by so many miseries; that we look around us in Europe and find no friend; that our armies are destroyed; that our fortresses are falling under the guns of the invader; that we have rid ourselves—even in the face of his advancing armies—of the corrupting power which prepared our ruin; that we are ready to give up every thing to our enemies except the liberty of our fellow-countrymen; that we accept ruin, humiliation, and famine, and only refuse to buy peace with the free souls of our faithful Alsatians—I call upon Americans to remember the past—to remember LAFAYETTE and ROCHAMBEAU, TOCQUEVILLE and GASPARIN—to remember the Comte De Paris and his brother. Let the voice of America be heard, and that voice will not be heard in vain."

Such manly words are refreshing, for they assure us that there are still thought and reason in the breasts of Frenchmen, of which the lamentable rhetoric of GAMBETTA and the rest had made us despair. Here is an honorable acceptance of every thing but what seems to the writer a cruel betrayal of part of his countrymen, and a fatal dismemberment of his country. But no appeal will now avail. Since the address was written Metz has fallen, and the occupation and virtual annexation of Alsace and Lorraine to Germany are accomplished. No power—not even the United States—could consistently protest, or even demand that a vote of the people be taken. We have acquired great territory without consulting the inhabitants, and the right of possession by conquest is admitted by international custom. France pays the terrible penalty of the total demoralization wrought by the empire of LOUIS NAPOLEON. So great, because so ignominious, a fall no nation ever had. But it is to men like M. LAUGEL, who have not succumbed to the general decay which has overtaken the nation, that France must look for her resurrection, not as a *grande nation*, but as a great, free, self-respecting people.

CONGRESS AND THE PEOPLE.

THE reputation of part of the judicial bench in the city of New York has become so tainted —it is so notorious that there are judges here who, as the *World* says, "sell injustice for a price"—that it is very pleasant to contemplate legal proceedings of the highest ability and beyond suspicion, like those in the Circuit Court of this district, upon occasion of the attempt to impeach the constitutionality of the law to secure honest elections for members of Congress. There are hard necessities in every profession, and it must have been a little difficult —whatever the liberality of Tammany Hall—for two respectable lawyers like Mr. STOUGHTON and Mr. GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS to know that they appeared in the interest of that vast system of electoral fraud which is now the most threatening fact in our political situation. Their cause was the cause of repeaters, ballot-box stuffers, bullies, and scoundrels of every degree. They denied, as was their legal right, the constitutionality of a law which could by no possibility harm any man, and whose enforcement could only protect the most precious political right of every citizen. The success of their effort to impeach the law would have made fraud easier. Yet, if they thought it unconstitutional, they probably felt that they were doing a professional duty.

None the less, however, must they have regretted the hard necessity of professionally aiding electoral frauds, and all the more must they, as good citizens, have rejoiced that deeper constitutional insight and greater professional ability than theirs enabled the court to establish the constitutionality of the law which they disputed, and to baffle the designs of those shameless corruptionists of the Ring, whose crimes the editor of the *World* beheld, and who were, of course, not the employers of Messrs. STOUGHTON and CURTIS in the case. It is to be regretted, however, that Mr. STOUGHTON should have allowed himself more than once to speak in a highly emphatic and pointed manner of the "unusual" and unprecedented course of the Court, as if he intended to convey a very much stronger criticism than the word itself justified. The Court, however, calmly corrected him in a tone and spirit which, it is to be hoped, will not be without benefit to the learned counsel. It is so easy for prosperous and noted professional gentlemen at the bar to acquire an offensively dictatorial manner, which lifts them beyond courtesy and propriety, that a tranquil reproof is of the utmost service, and is undoubtedly gladly welcomed by them, as it is universally approved by the public.

The opinion of Judge WOODRUFF sustaining the constitutionality of the election law is very clear and decisive. It asserts that the method of ascertaining the qualifications of an elector provided by the law is not an attempt to prescribe his qualifications, and therefore does not conflict with the constitutional provision in regard to qualifications. The opinion affirms, secondly, that the clause in regard to the manner and times of election was inserted to secure the honest and free expression of the popular will in Congress, which might be defeated by indifference or knavery in the States; and since Congress could certainly enable all to vote for its members who are entitled to vote, it may equally prohibit the voting of those who are not entitled; and the fact that the power has not been hitherto exercised is no argument whatever against its existence. Congress provides in the law that Congressional elections shall not be decided by fraudulent methods under the guise of State law. If it had no authority to make such regulations, the people of the United States would be powerless against just such organized knavery as Tammany Hall.

The denunciations of this law as "centralizing" are part of the Tammany tactics, to hide its purposes and its unscrupulous methods under an appeal to jealousy of the national authority. It is an attempt to wrest the doctrine of State sovereignty to the protection of electoral corruption and fraud, as it was formerly invoked to shield slavery. The Democratic party is now, as it has been for a generation, a disorganizing party. Its efforts are all turned to foment suspicion and hostility between the national and the State authority. It strives to depict the government of all the people at Washington as a centralizing tyranny, and the minions of Tammany Hall—as absolute a despotism as LOUIS NAPOLEON'S empire—decry Congress as despotic! To all this foolish clamor the opinion of the Court in this case is an admirable reply. It states temperately, completely, forcibly, and finally both the constitutionality and the reason of the constitutionality of a law which aims to keep the Congress of the United States what the Constitution meant it to be, the representative of the people, and not of any clique of shameless corruptionists in this or in any State.

MONEY AND POLITICS.

IN the State of Massachusetts Mr. D. H. MASON was nominated for Senator at the recent election, and he declined the honor upon the ground that he could not afford to take the office. He said that a Senator must spend half of the year in arduous public duty with no adequate compensation, and a man who could do this, he said, without serious loss, must count his labor of little value. Mr. MASON states very pointedly what has become a grave consideration—the expense of taking office. Dr. FRANKLIN, who has the reputation of great shrewdness, was of opinion that the officers of the national government should serve for nothing. But experience since the doctor's day does not illustrate the wisdom of his judgment. A sagacious politician estimated ten years ago that the actual expense in money, besides the entire sacrifice of time and labor and conscience, for an election as a representative in Congress, was at least the salary of the first term. This was the calculation of a moderate and economical man, and indicated what may be called a normal situation in a district where a nomination was equivalent to an election.

But when an honest man is nominated in a doubtful district for a smaller position, as a member of the State Legislature, for instance —a position which is not generally personally agreeable, and which requires of an honest man immense sacrifices—what will he find to be the situation? In the first place he will be assessed by the local committee. Then he will be expected to subscribe liberally to the local clubs. Then he will be waited upon by all the target and other companies. Then he must pay for the printing of posters and circulars, and for speakers, and for the incessant "cheerful glass" of friendly retainers. He must have a skilled agent or two, "practical politicians," who "know all about this thing." There must be music also and banners; and, as the crisis approaches, every kind of "usual" outlay will be suggested to him by perfectly disinterested gentlemen, who really think that, by a little care, he can be elected. Meanwhile the glamour that touches the eyes of every candidate does not spare his. He is nominated, and he naturally wishes to make the best fight he can; and really, under the circumstances, it does look to him as if—this time—he might be successful! What, then, are fifty dollars here, or a hundred there?

If the honest man is rich and is elected, very well. He will be paid about a twentieth part of what he has spent. If he is poor and is elected, and has borrowed the money for the campaign, and must leave his business, to be paid some two or three dollars a day in the Legislature, is not his honesty exposed to a considerable strain? If, on the other hand, he is not an honest man, and has spent five or ten thousand dollars to secure the chance of being paid three dollars a day for a hundred days, he will make the three dollars three hundred a day if he possibly can. Thus the small sums paid for the public service, and the enormous expenses to the candidate of a canvass, allow only the rich or the dishonest to hold office. The pay of a member of the Assembly in New York, who serves for one year, is three dollars a day for a hundred days. We have heard a member openly assert in a railroad car that his election cost

him six thousand dollars, which he "had got to get back," and as much more as possible. There are men who have no business whatever but politics, and who grow suddenly and enormously rich. They live in fine houses, and are good-humoredly regarded as "knowing." There are other men who, with as much honesty, forge or steal; and they are sent as felons to Sing Sing. A rose smells so differently under different names!

These are very familiar facts, but they show plainly that money has become one of the chief elements in politics. The office is not regarded as a post of the public service, but it is a prize for which aspirants must pay. To take office is not considered a patriotic sacrifice, a duty which a man ought, when honorably practicable, to undertake, but a chance at money-making, for which he must expect to pay a good price. It is another view of the influence which is becoming so universal and imperative that good citizens can no longer safely disregard it. But for this wrong there is no remedy but the active and constant interest of honest men in the details of politics. There will then be a chance for the nomination of more candidates like Mr. MASON, who will break with the traditions, and refuse to pay great sums of money to obtain positions which they do not wish, but which the intelligent and honest public wish them to fill. And if such men feel with Mr. MASON that they can not properly accept the nomination, we shall begin to ask whether it is not true economy to save money by removing the temptation to steal.

A STRAW THAT SHOWS THE WIND.

AT a recent political meeting in Norfolk, Virginia, at which the Secretary of the Navy and other gentlemen were present as speakers, a disturbance began while Professor LANGSTON, a colored citizen, was addressing the audience, which ended in a riot which the police were powerless to quell. Fire-arms were freely used. The next morning one colored man was found gashed and dead in an alley near by, and JOHN T. DANIEL, a well-known white Republican, was seriously wounded. Of course nobody supposes that it was the Republicans who disturbed their own meeting, and shot and murdered their own friends. It was an ebullition of the hatred and jealousy which still agitate the public mind in the late rebel region. And what does such an incident suggest?

Nothing is truer than that trouble must for a long time be expected in that part of the country. We have constantly insisted in these columns that nothing was more foolish than to suppose that, because actual hostilities in the field were over, all the amenities of peace had returned. The Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts at the late election said that of course there were disturbances in the Southern States, and of course they would continue. That is the undoubted fact. Ex-Governor ORR says that the late rebel leaders do not co-operate with the means of peace offered by Congress. Let us make no more of the fact than it will honestly bear, but do not let us assume that it is not a fact, and act accordingly. Ostrich statesmanship is the most intolerable of all.

What the late rebel States really want more than any thing else is the conviction that the people of the country have a steady policy in regard to the whole subject of political equality and reconstruction. If the ugly element in those States knows that the government—that is, the people—is friendly to that equality, and will support it to the last, and with all its power, that element will become less and less pernicious and incendiary. If, on the other hand, it knows that the government is hostile, and heartily hates the political equality established by reconstruction, that element will be the dominant influence in the Southern States, and endless agitation must follow. When the Democratic organs feebly hint to their fellow-partisans that the party ought to cease its open warfare upon the political equality of all citizens, the persuasive argument is, in substance, that if, under pretense of acquiescence, the party at large could only gain the national control, then the party in the various States might treat the colored citizens as it pleased, and the Democratic central power would be sleeping or gone upon a journey; in any case it would not see nor interfere.

Mr. GERRIT SMITH, in urging the colored voters to support the anti-dram-shop ticket at the late election in New York, said that it was "insulting as well as nonsensical" to tell them that if the Democratic party triumphed the freedmen would be re-enslaved or disfranchised. Mr. GERRIT SMITH is a true friend of the colored citizen, but is it insulting as well as nonsensical to say that if the Democratic party could obtain national power, such riots as that at Norfolk would become very common; that the exercise of the right of voting and of free discussion in public would become extremely difficult for the colored citizens; that terror can disfranchise as well as law; and that while slavery might not be restored, the spirit of slavery would affect the conduct of the ugly element of which we have spoken? Could there fail to be immense excitement and agitation, a feeling of insecurity upon the part of the colored citizens, and of triumph upon that of the worst classes of the population? And what possible benefit would this be to any human being? On the contrary, would it not be a very grave disaster for the whole country?

When, therefore, we read the story of such a riot as that at Norfolk, let us reflect that if such things are to be naturally expected, as we admit, even under the Republican national ascendency, what might be naturally expected should the Democratic party come into power?

THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

THE attempt to bridge a stream or estuary, like the East River at New York, of a breadth of sixteen hundred feet navigable water, with a single span, is something new in the progress of engineering. This is twice the span of the Niagara Suspension-Bridge, and four times the longest non-suspension spans ever attempted. The height of the proposed structure also is (practically) unprecedented; that is, although other bridges have been built at as great or greater heights from the surface of the water, no other bridge has ever been projected at such an elevation above the shores. A proposal, by TELFORD, to replace Old London Bridge with an iron arch rising to a height of sixty-five feet, or about one-third the height of the proposed East River Bridge, was rejected on account of the entirely impracticable extent of the necessary approaches! Times change, and so do places, and men of Anglo-Saxon blood seem to change with both.

This bold and peculiarly American design is not yet wholly beyond the scope of debate; and its perfect success, if achieved, will be a subject of congratulation, not only to the myriads of inhabitants who daily pass between the opposite shores on business or pleasure, but also to the whole world of engineering and public works. Yet the successive steps, as sure as bold, which have led up to the solid position from which Mr. ROEBLING lifted his foot, in perfect assurance, to this last—to be arrested in the very act by his lamented death—seem to have prepared the way by practical demonstration for engaging in so magnificent an enterprise with little risk of failure or error. The only doubt seriously felt—though not shared at all by the ROEBLINGS, father or son—is in the stiffness of the suspended structure against the lifting, twisting, and swaying effect of powerful winds. But as for the lay public, we, at least, must be content to abide the test of experiment, and to congratulate the engineer and ourselves when none can dispute the successful result.

The bird's-eye view of the proposed bridge, herewith presented in a Supplement, with the portions of New York and Brooklyn more directly connected by it, and the outlines of the harbor, its islands, and the neighboring sea-shore, is, we believe, an unprecedented piece of engraving of the kind for a newspaper, taking comprehensiveness and detail both into consideration. The more familiar the reader is with the localities represented, the more striking will the successful effect and the general accuracy of the artist's work appear. The extremely deep perspective stretches across the better half of Brooklyn, from the bridge southward across Long Island, and to the ocean horizon, with what might be described as a telescopic view of sea-going craft, broken on the right by the Highlands of Neversink, with Sandy Hook at their feet. Within this barrier and the hollowed coast of New Jersey lies the Lower Bay, receding into Raritan Bay at the extreme right. Nearer again, on the right, is seen the most of Staten Island—that rounded gem of natural scenery and paradise of suburban elegance, dotted with its numerous villas and villages. The three small islands in the harbor, nearly in a line, are (in their order from right to left) Hart's, Bedloe's, and Governor's islands—each flying the national ensign from its flag-staff, as a military station of the United States. The Narrows are seen between Staten Island and Long Island, with Fort Richmond on the extreme point of the former, and Fort Hamilton on that of the latter island. The small stone work in the Narrows, near Fort Hamilton, is Fort Lafayette, sometimes called, from its shape, Fort Diamond—the brown-stone mansion wherein the more distinguished civil guests of the War Department were sometimes entertained during the rebellion. The Quarantine anchorage is faintly marked in the apparent centre of the Narrows. The long, low point of land beyond the Narrows, with the winding, ditch-like channel that cuts it off from the main island peeping out here and there, is Coney Island, the products of which are pure gray sand, excellent sea-bathing, and innumerable sprees, with an occasional free fight. The seeming inlet on the hither side and left of the Narrows is a glimpse of Gowanus Bay, from the head of which Gowanus Creek and Canal extend some distance into the heart of Brooklyn, accommodating the local trade in fuel, lumber, and other coarse articles. Before leaving the City of Churches, this tallest spire, farthest to the left (that of "Holy Trinity"), marks for us the corner of Clinton and Montague streets, the latter leading to the Wall Street Ferry; and close behind it may be seen the City Hall, the County Court-house, the end of Fulton Street, and the beginning of Fulton Avenue. At this point, thirty years ago, the writer's walks, which seem like yesterday's, began to linger between green fields and old country houses on either side the way, as far as where broad Flatbush Avenue (then Flatbush road) forks off to the right to Prospect Park. Straight on, up the hill, where Fulton Avenue now runs, with the then still complete earth-works of Washington Heights—now Washington Park—on the left, we wandered into the rough country, where, far beyond all other signs of city or suburban life, Rev. SAMUEL H. COX, D.D., was building his modest "Rusurban"—now Oxford Street—about midway in the reach of the dense and elegant city!

Returning to the artist's point of view, in the right-hand fore-ground—we suspect that is he perched, at this moment, on the chimney next the border-line of the engraving—we survey most of the first five wards of the city of New York, covering, perhaps, one-twentieth of its built area, and embracing in one view specimens of the two extremes—of its wealth and honor on the right hand, and of its misery and depravity on the left. Most of the portion to the left of the bridge is in the Fourth Ward, next in ill fame to the Sixth, which adjoins it on the hither side. The last street running toward the East River, on the left, is James Street, and the last but one is Roosevelt Street. Both terminate in Chatham Square, a corner of which is seen in the left-hand corner of the engraving. The triangular block between them, cut off by the broad diagonal line of the New Bowery, contains the Howard Mission near its apex; and the building which forms the apex of the adjoining triangular block, to the left, between New Bowery and James Street, is the new St. James's Mission (Roman Catholic). The third street, from left to right, is Pearl Street, which bends off from the direction of the river, and meets the bridge at right angles at Franklin Square, which is crossed and partly concealed by the structure. A little further on are the Harpers' Buildings; that on Pearl Street marked by the national flag, and both by the name of the firm, which may be made out with a glass or a pair of sharp eyes.

Next to the artist's perch we observe the old Rotunda, the small building with a dome, an historical relic, lately demolished, where, in the days above recalled to mind, we were wont to resort for letters when it was the City Post-office. Later, CATHERWOOD'S panorama was exhibited there—a marvelous object in its time, since eclipsed by BANVARD and the rest. He (CATHERWOOD) it was who was afterward orphaned, according to some Editor's Easy Chair of the day, by a fire, which left him without a pa-nor-a-ma. Next to the Rotunda, toward the right, is the Tax-Receiver's Office. In the rear of the latter building is the old Hall of Records, now called Department of Finance—once a building of respectable design, but now, like the Custom-house (formerly Merchants' Exchange), and somewhat like the rock ledges on unimproved property up town, its roof has been made a roost for an extensive shanty. It may be, for aught we know, Mr. TWEED'S hennery, or a garret for rubbish and papers, or a janitor's tenement, for the accommodation of naturalized civic functionaries expert in voting. Next these two buildings, in the right-hand corner of the engraving, are seen the eastern ends of the new Court-house and the old City Hall; the former, which is nearest you, perhaps the most remarkable unfinished building on this or any other continent, considering its cost, already between six and seven millions of dollars, and growing; the latter, barring its contents, a respectable and honest relic of the architecture of better days. Behind them all is a corner of the City Hall Park, resting on Park Row, which is gridironed with the tracks of all the city railroads east of Broadway, except the Second Avenue line. Next comes the new Post-office, as it will be in time. A corner of the Astor House here peeps into the picture, and next it stands St. Paul's Church. Midway down the magnificent street stands Trinity Church, looking down Wall Street upon the noble dome of the Custom-house, partly hidden by the shanties before referred to, but which have not yet been built all over it. The large dirt-heap at the foot of Broadway is the city dumping-ground, formerly the Battery, and in old times surrounded by the most fashionable and aristocratic mansions of the city. The next street parallel to Broadway, on the left, is Nassau; the second, William; the third, Gold; the fourth, Cliff; the fifth, Pearl; the sixth, seventh, and eighth, indistinctly seen, are Water, Front, and South. Crossing them all, and heading off those west (right) of Pearl Street, the high viaduct, or land approach of the bridge, gradually slopes down to the level of Chatham Street at Printing-house Square—so called by the daily papers there domiciled, in the spirit of obsequiousness to our British prototypes, of which we exhibit instances frequent enough justly to silence all who would rebuke us for the sin of national pride. The buildings of the *Sun* (old Tammany Hall), of the *Tribune*, on the corner beyond, and of the *Times*, fronting on the square, are plainly distinguished. Beyond the *Times*, on the further right-hand corner of the same block (formerly the Brick Church property), is the office of the *World*, on Park Row and Beekman Street. Next the adjacent corner of Beekman Street and Park Row comes the *Standard*, further down the same block the *Express*, and finally the *Herald* building, where Barnum's Museum so long stood, at the junction of Park Row with Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Church. The *Star* is at the hither extremity of the square, and the artist has kindly turned the front of the sign toward the rear, for the occasion, so as to give us a view of it.

The ground-floor of the enormous building, or block, in which the bridge approach on the New York side terminates will afford spacious waiting-rooms and promenades for passengers, besides abundant room for any possible number of discharging and reloading cars, for throngs of foot-passengers, and for droves of vehicles and beasts of burden. The lucrative position and great public convenience of the stores above the ground-floor need not be pointed out. Many regard the heavy operations in real estate and building involved in these land approaches as a formidable obstacle to the practicability of completing the bridge. It is strange that any one should fail to perceive that the privilege of acquiring and constructing these approaches (now mostly property of third or fourth rate productiveness) carries with it one of the most enormous speculations ever known in real estate, and constitutes the one part of the Bridge Company's business to the profit of which no alternative can be supposed.

The total length of the colossal structure before us is about a mile and one-seventh. From the entrance on Chatham Street to the tower at the river-side is nearly half a mile, or, accurately, 2277 feet. Of this part of the structure, 940 feet, from the tower to the anchor-wall at Franklin Square, is to be suspended. The remainder, 1337 feet, is to be built up from the ground in fire-proof warehouses and stores, supporting the roadway on their roofs. The streets will be crossed by iron truss and girder bridges. The grade of this approach, from Chatham Street to the level of the bridge proper, is $3\frac{44}{100}$ feet in 100, and the total ascent, or height of the bridge floor above the floor of the grand dépôt, is 100 feet. The span from tower to tower is 1600 feet long and 80 feet wide, at an elevation of 136 feet above high-water. The base of each towe rmeasures 56 by 134 feet, and the height of each is 268 above high-water.

The Brooklyn approach has a span of 940 feet, suspended over the roofs of the city, precisely like that on the New York side, and a solid roadway on the buildings to be erected for the purpose of 837 feet from the anchorage in James Street, near Garrison, obliquely to the terminus in the block bounded by Fulton, Prospect, Sands, and Washington streets.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE MILITARY SITUATION IN FRANCE.

THE *Indépendance Belge* claims to have intelligence from an escaped French officer, corroborated by a paper printed in Metz when the Germans entered, that the French leaders to the last deceived the army by promises to cut their way out, repeated while they were actually treating for the surrender.

It is asserted that the Germans found in the magazines and arsenals of the forts at Metz stores of all kinds, including provisions sufficient to maintain the garrison till March.

The Alsatians captured at Metz and elsewhere are to be kept separate from the other prisoners, as they are hereafter to be regarded as Germans, and not French.

A deputation of two thousand representatives of various political organizations in France waited upon M. Gambetta recently to urge a *levée en masse*, and the appointment of committees in the Departments to hasten the uprising. He replied that the government were making every effort to procure arms and munitions, but the people must assist the government in this, as in other efforts, and must not expect the government to surmount obstacles which they themselves might remove.

M. Thiers has been unsuccessfully negotiating with Count Bismarck for an armistice. At the first interview, on the 3d inst., it was arranged that an armistice should be concluded for twenty days; during this interval the inhabitants were to be at liberty to bring food into Paris, and elections were to be held in all the departments. M. Thiers asked if Alsace and Lorraine would be permitted to send deputies to the Assembly. Bismarck at first said no, but finally intimated that he might consent. These conditions were not favorably received by the French authorities in Paris, and M. Thiers was directed to discontinue the negotiations, and to leave the Prussian head-quarters.

Some disturbances were recently fomented in Marseilles by the "Reds," but promptly quelled. Letters from that city represent that when Cluseret was carried in triumph to the prefecture by a few turbulent persons he nominated George Francis Train as General-in-Chief of the Garde Nationale.

A version of what is called the Emperor Napoleon's pamphlet on the campaign of 1870 has been published. The imperial plan of campaign was to mass 150,000 men at Metz, 100,000 at Strasburg, and 50,000 at Chalons, and to cross the Rhine near Haguenau with a large force, so as to divide Germany, win the first great battle, and secure the alliance of Austria and Italy in imposing neutrality on the South German states. The defective military system and delay in bringing up men and material frustrated the plan, and the Germans, having had time to bring their forces forward, outnumbered the French, and put them on the defensive. A new plan was then made necessary, involving a retreat on Chalons. This the regency opposed as discouraging to the public. He yielded his convictions, and adopted M'Mahon's plan of relieving Metz, which ended in catastrophe. The author analyzes the battle of Sedan, and the causes of the German successes, and points out many of the defects in the French army.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Austrian government has decided not to interfere in Roman affairs, but suggests a conference of the powers to adjust the guarantees to be offered to the Pope.

Among the propositions of the Italian ministry are the recognition of the Pope as the spiritual sovereign, and the reorganization of the army on the Prussian plan.

July 15, 1871, has been fixed upon as the date of the transfer of the capital of Italy to Rome.

A written acceptance of the Spanish crown by the Duke of Aosta was received at Madrid on the 3d inst.

Another hurricane occurred on the island of Cuba on the 20th ult., doing much damage to buildings, crops, and shipping. No loss of life is reported. Matanzas and Cardenas suffered most severely. There was a destructive gale at Key West, Florida, at the same time.

Two filibustering schooners from the United States, laden with arms and clothing, were recently captured near Nuevitas, on the island of Cuba.

The French authorities of Martinique have shot twenty-five of the leaders of the late insurrection, and have one hundred others in their power.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE expenditures of the United States government for the month of October amounted to $13,798,027 75.

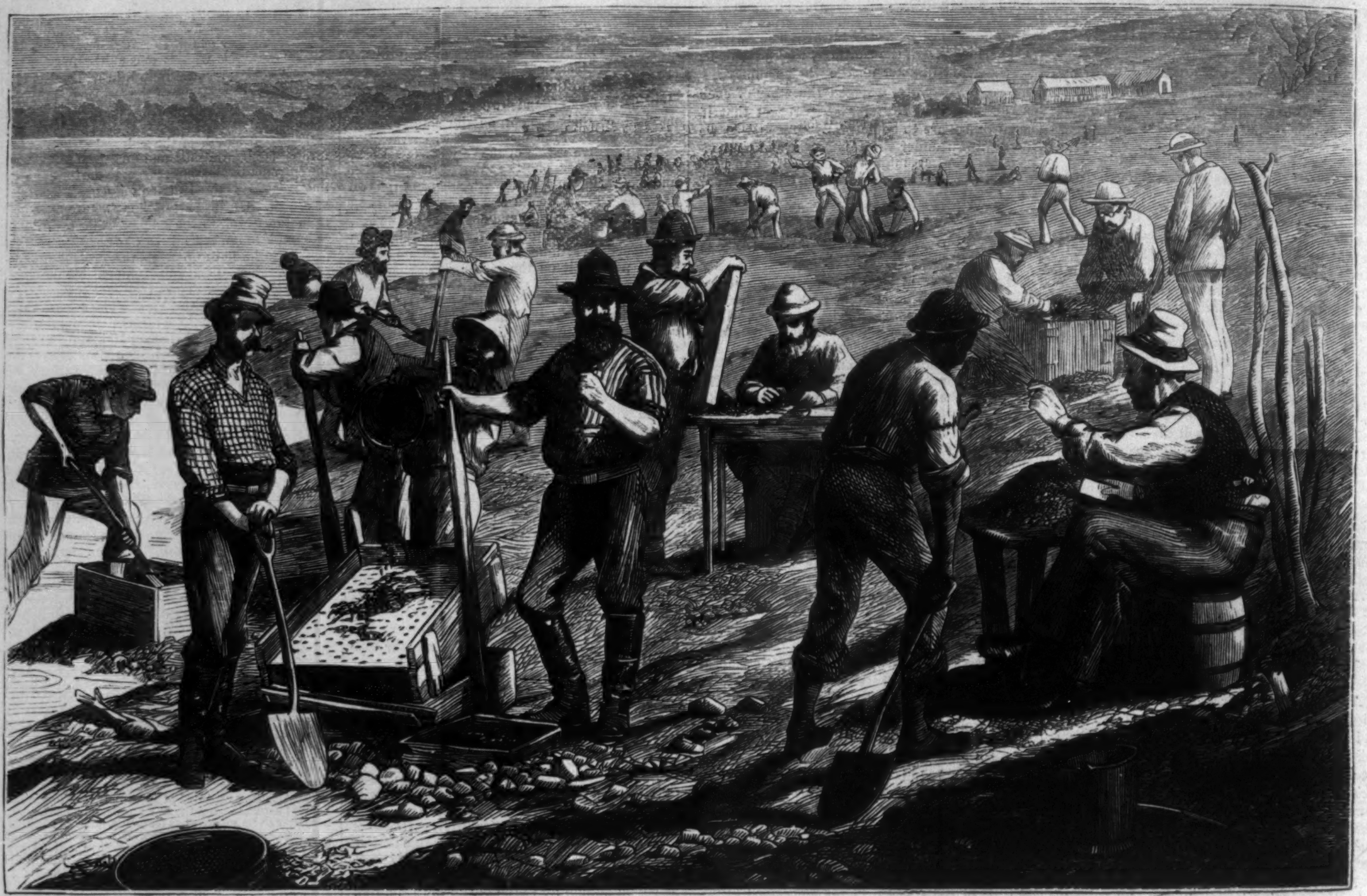
The revenue collections of the United States for the year ending June 30, 1870, amounted to $168,550,107, an increase of more than $15,500,000 over those of the preceding year.

The drawing of the Mercantile Library Gift Concert lottery, at San Francisco, took place on the 1st inst., and was attended with considerable excitement. The first prize of $100,000 was drawn by ticket No. 154,077, held by Mr. Hellman, of this city.

The steamship *Varuna*, for Galveston, Texas, foundered during the night of October 20, off Jupiter Inlet, Florida, and all on board, except the second mate and four men, were lost. She carried thirty-six passengers, among whom was Mr. Jenkinson, member of the British House of Commons.

The poet Whittier was offered the nomination for Congress in the Sixth District of Massachusetts, by the prohibitionists, but declined it.

The official returns of the South Carolina election show that Republican members of Congress have been elected in all the districts.



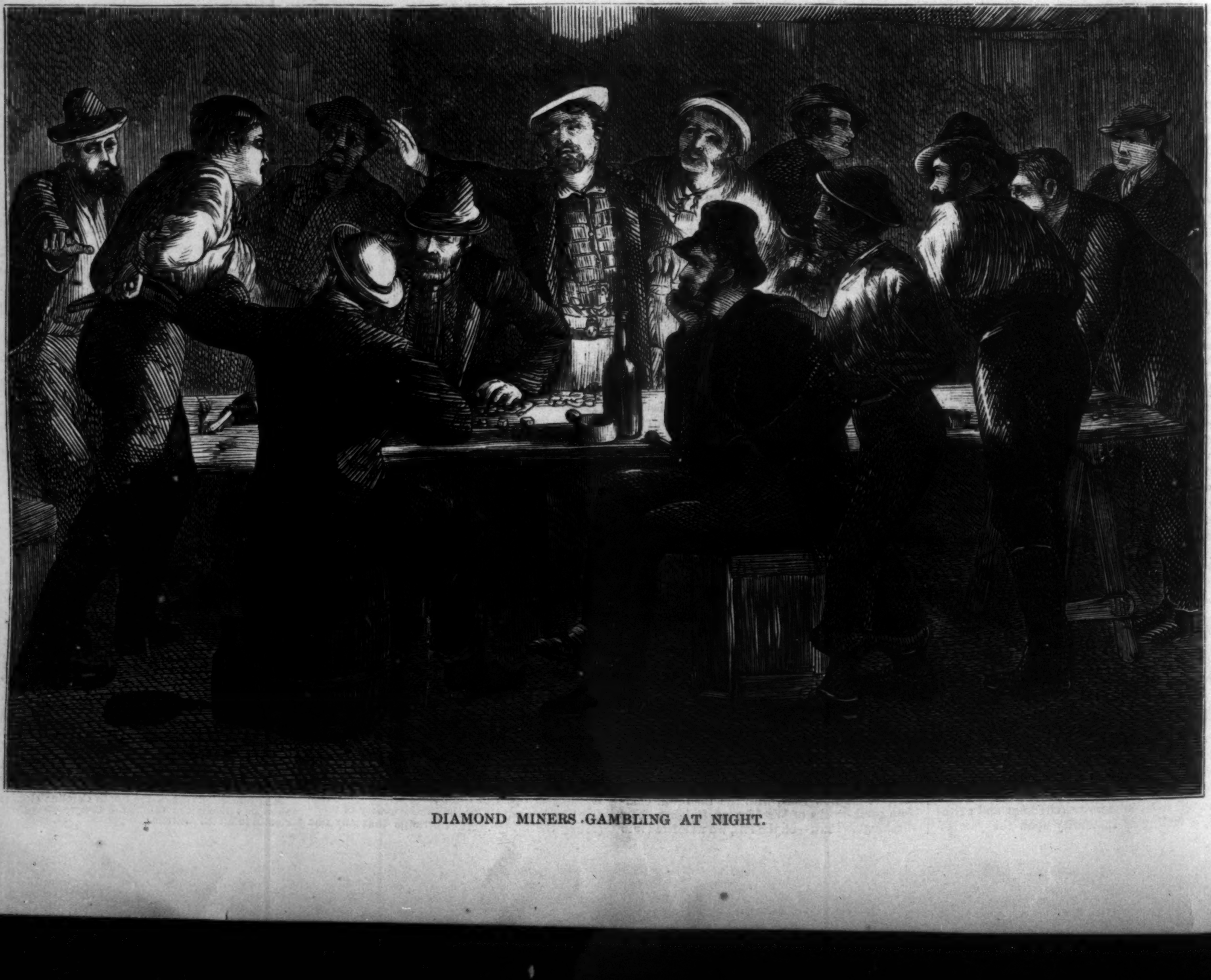
WASHING FOR DIAMONDS AT THE NEW DIAMOND FIELDS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND FIELDS.

The diamond fields recently discovered in South Africa are situated on the Vaal River, far inland, though easily accessible from Cape Town by steamer to East London, and thence by an overland journey of about 300 miles through a country where the means of travel are good, and subsistence obtainable at moderate prices. A letter written from the mines by a Mr. Von Ronn gives the following interesting particulars of his visit there:

He started from Phillipolis Missionary Station, which lies in the Orange River Sovereignty, between the Cradock and Vaal rivers, and after passing through Jacobsdaal—a most miserable village of about twenty houses, situated in a waterless desert—entered some immense plains stretching on every side without any landmark. A few miles before reaching the Vaal River, however, the landscape changed, and our traveler entered a region of stony hills and immense boulders of rock. He was much pleased with the first sight of the lovely Vaal River, which he compares to the Thames at Richmond. It is shaded with willows and other large trees, and the sloping hills, except that they consist of basaltic rocks, closely resemble those of the Thames. For two miles in length both banks of the Vaal are dotted over with tents and wagons, and Mr. Von Ronn reckons that the population at the time of his visit could not be far short of 4000. Since then it has doubtless greatly increased, as people were rushing there from all parts of the colony.

The diggers gravel the floors of their tents with the refuse washings of the mines, and amuse themselves by looking for diamonds while lying in bed. Several have been found in this way. Gambling and drinking prevail to some extent, but on the whole Mr. Von Ronn gives the people a very high character. They are very civil, friendly, and obliging, and help each other in every way. Besides this, there are a large number of respectable women and children at the mines, so that the rowdyism of California and Australia is not likely to be reproduced. "In fact," says Mr. Von Ronn, "it is a large and enjoyable picnic, just the thing for a Dutchman and his family, so that those who are compelled to go away all say they shall come back again."



DIAMOND MINERS GAMBLING AT NIGHT.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNEY THROUGH ICELAND.

CHAPTER VI.

A new Guide.—An inveterate Snuff-taker.—Icelandic Snuff-horn.—An Escape from Drowning.—Preparations for ascending Mount Hecla.—A Hospitable Clergyman.

AT the village where the incidents narrated in the preceding chapter occurred our traveler procured the services of another guide, and resumed his journey. He was not very favorably impressed with the character of his new servant, who appeared to be inefficient, and who was certainly slow and stupid. Among other disagreeable personal traits he was an inveterate snuff-taker, and constantly inhaled the titillating dust, after the Icelandic fashion, from a receptacle somewhat like a powder-horn. It requires the use of two hands to manage an ordinary snuff-box, and this on horseback is not very convenient. So the Iceland peasants have adopted another contrivance, consisting of a kind of horn, the stopper of which, when taken out, is held by a short chain. The man then holds the orifice to his nose, and giving the horn a shake, and inhaling vigorously, performs the operation in a very satisfactory manner.

VOLCANIC DUST.

AT THE MINISTER'S.

The traveler met with some accidents characteristic of the country as he went on.—One of his stirrup-straps broke, and he was obliged to ride with his legs dangling by the horse's side until he arrived at the next church, where the minister produced the necessary tools and repaired the damage; for the ministers, it seems, in addition to their scholastic attainments, are possessed of many other kinds of knowledge and skill, which are often called into requisition. After going on somewhat further his horse, in crossing a ford, fell into a deep hole, in which both horse and rider were completely submerged—so much so that the latter was wet through to the skin. Indeed, our adventurer was thrown off his horse entirely, and was only saved, as he says, by seizing hold of the horse's tail, and being dragged in this way out to dry land.

It was blowing a gale at the time, and the guide, by signs, indicated that M. Nougaret ought to stop and change his clothes. But M. Nougaret was thrown, he says, into a state of irritation bordering on frenzy by his mishap, and he whipped the horses and drove on at the utmost speed he could attain to the next hamlet, hoping that the excitement and the exercise would prevent him from taking cold. The name of the hamlet was Thyorsaholt, a little village on the banks of the river Thyorsa, flowing at the foot of Mount Hecla. Here he was received with the greatest hospitality, and made the recipient of the utmost kindness and attention by the whole family. They put him into the best room, brought out the ancient sacred family chair for him, and all together began to remove his wet clothes and dry him with towels, the young people of both sexes taking part in these attentions with an innocent simplicity and assiduity by which the object of them was much impressed. When he was dry, and fresh clothes had been put upon him, they brought him such refreshments as their cabin afforded. Among these was a cup of coffee containing in the saucer the single lump of sugar which comprised the whole family store of that article, and which had long been preserved for some great occasion of hospitality. The traveler found that he could not decline using this precious delicacy without wounding the feelings of his hosts, but he took care to replace it secretly from his own stores before he left the cottage. He was so much impressed by the devoted attentions which he received from this family that he says, on leaving them, that though the Icelanders have not much blood in their veins, and though what they have is poor and thin, he really believes they would open their veins and shed every drop of it, if it was necessary to do so in order to relieve the distress of any chance guest that should come among them.

After spending a day or two in the enjoyment of the hospitality of this kind-hearted family, and completing in the mean time his preparations for ascending the mountain, M. Nougaret announced his determination to depart. They all urged him to remain longer, especially as there was a heavy gale of wind blowing, by which the air was filled with flying volcanic dust and ashes from the vast stores which had been deposited all over that region by former eruptions. But he was intent on proceeding, and so the horses were loaded and brought to the door, and he bade his hospitable

ICELANDIC SNUFF-BOX.

entertainers farewell. The cavalcade was followed by several members of the family to the banks of the river Thyorsa, which was not far distant, in order that they might witness the process of crossing the stream—an undertaking not unattended with danger in such a wind. There was a large, broad, flat-bottomed boat on the bank. The horses were unloaded, and the baggage put into the boat, and then the poor animals were driven into the water with sticks and stones. The boat followed, conveying the baggage and the men. The air was so filled with clouds of dust that in the middle of the stream nothing was to be seen except that an occasional glimpse was now and then afforded of one bank or the other, and of here and there

M. ISSANDIER'S BALLOON, FROM PARIS, DESCENDING NEAR DREUX.—[SEE PAGE 745.]

a horse, drifting down with the current, and with only his nose and his tail to be distinguished among the angry waves.

However, in due time the passage was effected, the boat reached the farther bank, the horses were collected from the places far down the stream where they had severally scrambled to the shore, the loads were replaced upon their backs, and the cavalcade was formed in order of march again.

The party arrived after a time at the village of Storuvellir. Here the traveler made a halt, in order to confer with the minister of the place in respect to the best mode of procuring a guide for the ascent of the mountain. The minister received him with great kindness, caused a table to be spread for him with refreshments, and while he was partaking of them stood by, conversing with him in Latin on the events which were transpiring in the great outside world. M. Nougaret was surprised to find how well informed his host was in respect to events the news of which could hardly be expected to penetrate to so remote and solitary a region. He found, however, that there was a newspaper published occasionally at Reykjavik, the capital, and that the successive numbers found their way by some means even to this lonely retreat. The minister produced the last number of the paper, and read an article from it, translating it into Latin, as he read it, for the comprehension of his visitor.

When M. Nougaret was ready to resume his journey the minister insisted on accompanying him to the next halting-place, which was a hamlet named Hankadolur. The track lay among the ranges of hills and broken peaks and pinnacles which surround the mountain, and in one place the travelers were obliged to cross a plain of loose volcanic dust, that was driven about so furiously by the wind, which was still blowing heavily, as to make the passage of the plain extremely disagreeable, if not dangerous. They protected their mouths in some degree by their handkerchiefs, which they wrapped over them, but still they were almost suffocated; and the horses appeared to suffer even more than the men.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN COUPLES.

WHAT tender-nurtured boy, newly-arrived at school—that Paradise when looked back upon from afar, that *Inferno* of the present—has not awakened from sweet dreams of home with a heavy heart? Who has not pictured to himself the weary months that must elapse before he once more regains his freedom and his friends? The burden (one may say) is light, but then the back is also weak that bears it. It is a genuine woe. Something of this, but tenfold in intensity of wretchedness, did Richard feel when he awoke for the first time a convicted felon. He had dreamed that Carew was dead, and left him heir of Crompton; his mother and he were there, and Harry as his wife. The splendor of the house, the beauty of the grand domain about it, were as vividly presented to him as when he saw them with his eyes; and they were all his own. The hope of his youth, the desire of his manhood, were gratified to the uttermost; yet through all ran an undercurrent which mirrored a portion of the present reality. In the marshy pond where he had fought the Squire by moonlight lay two bodies; it was shallow, as it really had been, and he could see their faces as he peered into the water: they were those of Coe and Trevethick. He kept them there, and would not have the pond dragged; but would go thither and gloat upon them for half a summer's day. The mansion was full of gay folks—his old town companions invited to visit him, and behold his greatness (as he had often imagined they should be): Tub Ryll was *his* jester now, and Parson Whymper his "chaplain." They were all playing pool as usual, and he was just about to make an easy hazard, when somebody jogged his elbow. It was the warder of the jail.

"Come, come—this won't do," said he, gruffly. "You must jump up when the bell rings, or we shall quarrel. Fold up your hammock, and clean your room."

Even the school-boy does not begin on his first morning to reckon on his chimney almanac, "One day gone; twenty-four hours nearer to the holidays;" and how should Richard make that cheerful note, who had twenty years of prison life before him, save one day!

He did as he was ordered, wearily, with a heart that had no hope: it seemed to the warder that his air was sullen.

"If this happens again, young fellow, I report you; and then good-by to your *V G's*."

He did not mean to be brutal; but Richard could have stabbed him where he stood. There were times to come when the temptation to commit such an act was to be very strong within him; and when no thought of punishment, far less of right, restrained him, but that of his projected vengeance always did. Every rough word, every insult, every wrong, was treasured up in his mind, and added to the long account against those who had doomed him to such a fate. It should be paid in full one day; and in the mean time the debt was out at compound interest.

He took his sordid meals, his cocoa, his bread, his gruel, not because he had ever any appetite for them, but because without them he should lose his strength. He must husband that for the long-expected hour when he might need it; when the moment had arrived to strike the blow for which his hand was clenched ten times a day. His hate grew every hour, and, like a petrifying spring, fell drop by drop about his heart, and made it stone. In the mean time, a fiend in torment could alone imagine what he suffered. He spoke to no one but his warders and the chaplain; for now he was a convict, there was no communication with his fellows; only once a day for an hour and a half he took his monotonous exercise in the high-walled prison-yard. Tramp, tramp, tramp, each half a dozen paces behind the other, with an officer on the watch to see that the limit was preserved.

"Keep your distance, you there, unless you want to be reported."

Richard did not want that; but at times his temper was like a devil unchained, and it got the better of him, and even of his treasured purpose; he sometimes returned a sharp answer. This weakness was almost the only feeling within him that reminded him that he was human. He was put on bread and water within the first fortnight; then cursed his folly for thus postponing the one object of his life, and amended. His case was quoted to the visiting justices as an exemplification of the efficacy of cutting short a prisoner's supplies.

While exercising one day he recognized Balfour, who happened to be on the opposite side of the ever-moving circle: the old jail-bird, without glancing toward him, threw his open hands out twice. By this he conveyed to him that his own sentence was also twenty years. During the nine months that Richard remained at Cross Key, this was all that happened to him which could be called an incident. At the end of three months his mother essayed to visit him, but he would not see her. She had been ill, it seemed, ever since that dreadful day of the trial, and was only just convalescent; she had had lodgings in the town, within a hundred yards of him, ever since: it was something, poor soul, to know that she was near him, however inexorably separated. "It would please him," she wrote, "to learn that, through Mr. Whymper's intercession, Carew had continued her pension. She had money enough, therefore, and to spare, but intended to go on with her business of lodging-house keeping in a new quarter of London, and under another name (that of Basil), that she might save, and her Richard find himself a rich man when he regained his liberty. In fifteen years—she had discovered that his time could be remitted to that extent—there would be quite a little fortune for him. In the mean time, she thought of him night and day." But there was something else in the letter. "She confessed that in her agony at his dreadful doom, she had written to his prosecutor to adjure him to appeal for mercy to the crown, and he had refused to do so." This news had driven Richard almost to frenzy. He had written her such a letter as the prison authorities had refused to send, and now he would not see her.

He wrote again; more moderately, however, to bid her never mention Trevethick's name again, nor Coe's, nor Harry's, if she wished him to think of her as his mother: they were dead to him, he said, *for the present*. To be brief, Richard never saw his mother after his conviction. He wished to harden his heart, and not to have it melted within him; and perhaps his fury at her having appealed to Trevethick was purposely exaggerated with this object. His recollection of "the cage," it must be remembered, was also not such as to make the idea of an interview attractive; moreover, that his mother should see him in his convict dress, kept within iron bars like a wild beast, seemed to him to afford a triumph to his deadly enemies.

In the tenth month, Richard, with the other convicts, was transferred to Lingmoor, one of the great penal settlements. They were "removed," for some portion of the distance, in vans, like furniture, or, we might rather say, in caravans like wild beasts; but for some miles they traveled by railway. They were handcuffed and chained together two and two, as pointers are upon their journeys, except that the connection was at the wrist instead of the neck. Silence was strictly enjoined, but this one opportunity of conversing with their fellow-creatures was not to be let slip. Richard's other half was a notorious burglar called Rolfe; this man had passed a quarter of a century in jail, and was conversant with every plan of trickery and evasion of orders. His countenance was not at all of that bull-dog type with which his class is falsely though generally credited; he had good features, though somewhat hard in their expression, and very intelligent gray eyes. It was their very intelligence, so sharp, so piercing, and yet which avoided your gaze, that showed to those who studied such matters what he was. After one glance at Richard he never looked at him again, but stared straight before him, and talked in muttered tones unceasingly, and with lips as motionless as those of a ventriloquist. He was doing fourteen years for cracking a public-house, and had cracked a good many private ones, concerning the details of which enterprises he was very eloquent. When he had concluded his autobiography he began to evince some interest in the circumstances of his companion. Richard, however, did not care to enlighten him on his own concerns, but confined his conversation to the one topic that was common between them—jails. Rolfe gave him a synopsis of the annals of Lingmoor, to which he was bound not for the first time. It was a place that had a bad reputation among those who became perforce its inmates; tobacco, for which elsewhere convenient warders charged a shilling an ounce, was there not less than eighteenpence: such a tariff was shameful, and almost amounted to a prohibition. A pal of his had hung himself there—it was supposed through deprivation of this necessary. It was "a queer case;" for he had "tucked himself up" to the bars of his cell by his braces, the buckles of which had left livid marks upon his neck. His Prayer-book had been found open at the Burial of the Dead, and it was understood that he had read that service over himself before taking leave of the world. He had also written his will with a point of the said brace-buckles upon the brick of his cell. He himself (Mr. Rolfe) had been called as a witness at the inquest, and had thereby obtained two hours' relaxation from labor; but upon the whole he would rather have been working with his gang—the affair had quite upset him; and, since its occurrence, the inmates of Lingmoor were forbidden to use braces.

"Were there any escapes from Lingmoor by any other means?" inquired Richard.

"Escapes?" Mr. Rolfe's countenance assumed a more solemn vacuity than ever. It was an indiscretion of his young friend to shape that word with his lips while a warder sat in the same carriage. Yes, there had been such things even at Lingmoor. But it was a difficult job, even for one used to cracking cribs. The outer wall was not to be scaled without a ladder, and ladders were even more difficult to procure than tobacco. Even if you did get over the outer wall, the space around the prison was very bare, and the sentries had orders to shoot you fleeing. If you got to Bergen Wood, two miles away, you might be safe so far, but it was a dangerous business. Nobody had ever done it yet without "putting somebody out."

This was a euphemism for murder, as Richard was by this time "old hand" enough to know.

"Warders?" inquired he indifferently, for he had already learned to value that objectionable class at a low figure.

"Hush! Yes; you must kill 'a dog' or two before you say good-by to Lingmoor, unless you can put them to sleep." (Bribery.) "There was a man once as had to kill his pal to do it."

"How could that help him?" Richard felt no interest whatever in these narratives as stories; but since they referred to escapes they were entrancing. The convict who is cast for death thinks of nothing but a reprieve; the "lifer" or the long-termer, thinks of nothing but an escape—and (sometimes) vengeance.

"Well, it was curious. There was a 'Smasher'" (utterer of counterfeit coin) "named Molony in for life there—a thin-shanked, shambling fellow, as Smashers mostly are—mere trash. He had got a file, this fool, and dared not use it—kept it as close as though it were 'bacca,' and waited for his chance, instead of making his chance for himself. Damme, if *I* had a file!"

Mr. Rolfe's feelings of irritation were almost too much for him; he turned up the whites of his eyes, so that persons who were unacquainted with his views upon religious subjects might have supposed him to be engaged in some devotional exercise.

"Next door to this fellow—though it seemed a long way off, for the cell was in an angle of the prison—there was one of the right sort; name of Jeffreys. No prison in England could have held *him* if he had had a file. With a rusty nail as he had picked up he dug through his cell wall, and came out one night, all of a sudden, upon the Smasher—thought he was out of doors, poor beggar, through this cursed angle, you see, and after all had only changed his room."

"That must have been the devil," observed Richard.

"It *was*," said Mr. Rolfe, significantly.

"'Why, how on earth did you do it?' asked the Smasher. At least I suppose he did, for the conversation was not reported, as you shall hear. 'With a mere nail, too. Why, *I've* got a file, and yet I never thought of that.'

"'A file!' cried Jeffreys. 'Let's look. Give it to me.'

"But Molony wouldn't give it him. The case was this, you see. If Jeffreys could have filed his irons off, and then the window-bars, he could have made a push for it; but he couldn't wait for the other; the night was too far gone for that—there was only time for one to free himself and get away. The Smasher was willing enough to make an effort now; the other's pluck had put a good heart into him. But since he had been there so long, and never moved a hand to help hisself, Jeffreys thought he might stop a little longer; it seemed to him dog-in-the-manger like to be refused the file—at least that's my view of what he thought; though he's been blamed a good deal for what afterward happened."

"But what did happen?"

"Well, they got to high words; the t'other wouldn't give up the file; and when Jeffreys tried to get hold of it, what did the aggravation Smasher do—for you see he was used to bolting half-crowns and such like—but *swallow the file!*"

"Why, that must have killed him?" observed Yorke.

"So Jeffreys concluded," returned Mr. Rolfe, coolly; "and indeed that was his defense when his trial came on. He pleaded that Molony was dead already. 'I did not put the file down his throat, though I did deprive him of it afterward. I was obliged to do it.' He made an anatomy of him with the nail, in fact, just as the surgeons do with their dissecting-knives, though not so neat, in order to get at the file. An ugly job, I call it; but it was a very pretty case, the lawyers said, as to whether murder had been done or not."

"But did this Jeffreys get off?"

"Upon the trial—yes; but not from the prison. He got into the yard all right, and climbed the wall by making steps of the file and the nail; but, in dropping on the other side, he broke his leg, and so they nabbed him. It's a very hard nut to crack, is Lingmoor, *I* can tell you."

With these and similar incidents of prison-life, Mr. Rolfe regaled his companion's ears. The sound of this man's voice, muffled as it was, notwithstanding the nature of his talk, was pleasant to Richard after so many months of enforced silence. After long starvation the stomach is thankful for even garbage; and so it is with the mind. Moreover, any thing would have seemed better than to sit and think during that hateful journey. The railway part of it was by far the worst. To be made a show of at the various stations—every one curious to see how convicts looked in their full regimentals, chained and ironed; to behold the other passengers who were free; to see the happy meetings of lovers and friends, of parents and children; and the partings that were scarcely partings at all compared with his own length of exile from all mankind: these were things the bitterness of which Richard felt to the uttermost; his very blood ran gall. His friend Balfour was among his fellow-travelers, but they did not journey in the same van nor railway carriage. Had it been otherwise Richard might have felt some sense of companionship; whereas the contact of this man Rolfe seemed to degrade him to his level, and isolate him from humanity itself. At the same time, he shrank with sensitiveness from the gaze of the gaping crowd. It is so difficult, even with the strongest will to do so, to become callous and hardened to shame except by slow degrees: every finger seemed to point at him in recognition, every tongue to be telling of his disgrace and doom; whereas, in simple fact, his own mother would scarcely have known him in such a garb, and with those iron ornaments about his limbs; his fine hair cropped to the roots; his delicate features worn and sharpened with spare diet and want of sleep; above all, with those haggard eyes, always watching and waiting for something a long way off—almost, indeed, out of sight at present, but coming up, as a ship comes spar by spar above the horizon, taking shape and distinctness as it nears. There were nineteen years and three months still, however, between him and *it*.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

OUT OF THE WORLD.

THIS tedious, shameful travel came to an end at nightfall. Their way had lain all day through landscapes of great beauty, though about to lose the last remnants of their autumn splendor; but when they left the rail, the woods, and glens, and rivers were seen no more. All was dreary moorland, where winter had already begun to reign. A village or two were passed, among whose scanty population their appearance created little excitement: such sights were common in that locality. They were on the high-road that leads to Lingmoor, and to nowhere else. The way seemed as typical of their outcast life-path as a page out of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Vanity Fair, where they would fain have tarried if they could, was left far behind them, while to some of them the road was doomed to be the veritable Valley of the Shadow. They were never to see the world, nor partake of its coarse and brutal pleasures—the only ones they cared for, or perhaps had experienced—any more. How bare, and desolate, and wretched was the prospect! There was no living thing in sight; only the wild moorland streams hurried by, as if themselves desirous to escape from the barren solitude. Not a tree was to be seen save Bergen Wood, which Richard's companion indicated to him, as they neared it, by a movement of the eyelid. It had been the tomb of many a convict, who had striven for freedom, and found death. As they emerged from it, Lingmoor prison presented itself, solid, immense, and gloomy, as though it were built of steel—"Castle of Giant Despair." Its guarded gate was swung back, and all were marched into a paved court-yard, where their names were called over, and their irons removed. Then each was stripped and searched, and another uniform substituted for that they had worn at Cross Key. The old hands seemed to take a pride in knowing what was about to be done beforehand; in being recognized by the warders, though their greeting was but a contemptuous shrug; and in threading the windings of the stone labyrinths with an accustomed step. Richard was ushered into a cell the exact counterpart of that he had lately inhabited; and yet he regarded it with the interest which one can not fail to feel in what is to be one's home for years.

Home! Frightful misnomer for that place, warm and well-ventilated as it was, and supplied with the latest products of civilization. The gas was burning brightly; fresh cool water flowed at his will; at his touch a bell rang, and instantly, outside his door, an iron plate sprang out, and indicated to the warder in what cell his presence was required. "How clean and comfortable," says the introduced-by-special-order visitor, to his obsequious acquaintance the governor, on observing these admirable arrangements. "How much better are these scoundrels cared for," cries the unthinking public, "than are our honest poor!" It is not, however, that the convict is pampered; but for this unkindly care he would not be able to endure the punishment which justice has decreed for him. Science has meted out to him each drop of gruel, each ounce of bread, each article of clothing, and each degree of warmth. Not one of all the recipients of this cruel benevolence but would gladly have exchanged places with the shivering tramp or the work-house pauper. To cower under the leafless branches of Bergen Wood, while the November night-blasts made them grind and clang, would have seemed paradise compared with that snug lodging; nay, the grave itself, with its dim dread Hereafter, has been preferred before it.

Life at Lingmoor was existence by machinery—a monotony that sometimes maddened as well as slew. To read of it is to understand nothing of

this. The bald annals of the place reveal nothing of this terrible secret.

Richard rose at five at clang of bell, cleaned out his cell, and folded up his bed more neatly than did ever chamber-maid; at six was breakfast—porridge, and forty minutes allowed for its enjoyment; then chapel and parade; then labor—mat-making was his trade, at which he became a great proficient. His fingers deftly worked, while his mind brooded. At twelve was dinner—bread and potatoes, with seventy minutes allowed for its digestion; then exercise in the yard, and mat-making again till six in summer, and four in winter; prayers, supper, school till eight; when the weary day was done. On Sunday, except two hours of exercise and chapel, Richard was his own master, to brood as much as he would. There were also no less than three holidays in the year, on which it has been whispered with horror that the convicts have pudding. There was, however, no such excess at Lingmoor.

As for society, there was the chaplain. This gentleman could make nothing of Richard, though he tried his best. It was evident to him that the young man had something on his mind; if he would only confide in his spiritual adviser, he assured him comfort could be administered. But no confidence ever took place. It was a most distressing case; here was a youth of superior position, and well educated, as obstinate and stubborn as the most hardened criminal in the establishment. His Bible was never opened. One of his warders had expressed his opinion that No. 421 was vindictive, but he (the chaplain) was bound to say he had observed nothing of that. The remarks in his note-book respecting 421 were these: "Richard Yorke—aged twenty, looks ten years older; reserved and cynical; a hopeless infidel, but respectful, uncomplaining, and well-mannered."

Richard had been reported more than once for "inattention to orders," and had lost some of his good marks accordingly. The cause of this was one over which he could now be scarcely said to have control. He had become so absent and *distrait* that he sometimes hardly knew what was going on about him. The perpetual brooding in which he indulged had, in fact, already postponed the accomplishment of the very object which enthralled his thoughts. The effect of this was serious; and he had good reason for the apprehension which seized him, that his wits might leave him before that day of liberty arrived, which was still so many years distant. On account of his previous calling, which was described in the prison books as landscape-painter, he had been put to a handicraft trade; but he now applied for barrow-work, and the surgeon seconded his application. This change of occupation, which was destined in some respects to be beneficial, proved at the outset most unfortunate. The outdoor toil was mostly spade and barrow labor on the moor, on which the convicts worked in gangs—each gang under supervision of two warders, armed with sword and musket. The first face that Richard's eyes lit on, when he found himself in the open, with the free air of heaven blowing on him, and already, as it seemed, bearing the seeds of health and hope, was that of Robert Balfour. In his joyous excitement he sprang forward and held out his hand; the other hesitated—for the old cracksman was prudence itself—then, as if with an incontrollable impulse, grasped the offered fingers, with an "I am right glad to see you, lad." The next instant they were both in custody, and marched back to the prison, charged with the high crime and misdemeanor of conversation, which at Lingmoor was called "colloguing," "conspiracy," and other terrible terms. Brought before the authorities upon this serious charge, Richard at once confessed himself alone to blame; the fresh air had, in a manner, intoxicated him, after his long confinement within stone walls; and the sight of his old acquaintance had caused him to forget the rules. On the offense-list being examined, it was found, however, that No. 421 was a good deal in the habit of forgetting. His cell-warder gave him but an indifferent character; and Richard, in a fury, committed the fatal indiscretion of rebutting this latter accusation by a countercharge of tyranny and ill-usage. The next instant he could have bitten his tongue out—but it was too late; he felt that he had made an enemy of this body-servant, who was also his master, for the remainder of his term. An "old hand," unless he is a professional garroter (in which case he is generally too much respected to be ill-used), is always careful to keep on good terms with his attendant; otherwise—since a warder's word, if it be not law, is at all events worth that of ten prisoners—there may be no end to your troubles. This is not because warders are not as a class a most respectable body of men, but simply because you can't get all the virtues for a guinea a week. A strict and impartial sense of justice is especially a rare and dear article—even governors have sometimes been deficient in it. Most men have their prejudices, as women have their spites; and a prejudice against a fellow-creature is a thing that grows. Richard's warder was no tyrant—only a sullen, ignorant fellow, in a false position; he had an almost absolute power over his fellow-creatures, and like many—perhaps like most who have ever possessed such a thing—it was too much for him.

"I am a tyrant, am I?" said he, significantly, as he marched Richard back to his cell after sentence was decreed. "Very well; we'll *see.*"

Richard got bread and water for three days certain, and, what was far worse, another "monstrous cantle" might be cut out of that period of remission which began to be all the dearer in his eyes the more problematical it grew. Garroters, as we have said, were respected at Lingmoor; they are so ready with their great ape-like hands, and so dull-brained with respect to consequences; yet Richard's warder, when he brought his bread and water, with a grin, that night, was probably as near to death by strangling as he had ever been during his professional experience. It was not that he was on his own account the object of his prisoner's wrath, but that by his conduct he had, as it were, supplemented the inexpiable wrong originally committed, and earned for himself a portion of the undying hate which was due elsewhere. "I may kill this brute some day," thought Richard, ruefully, "in spite of myself." And he resolved on the first opportunity to communicate a certain secret which was on his mind to a friendly ear; so that *that* at least should be utilized to the disadvantage of his foes, in case incontrollable passion should one day compel him to sacrifice a lesser victim, and make his great revenge to fail. It had not once entered into his mind that he could *forego* his purpose, but only that circumstances might render it impossible.

The occasion for which he looked was not long in coming. His days of punishment concluded, he was once more marched out upon the moor, and again found himself in Balfour's company. Not a sign passed between them this time, but as they delved they talked. "I fear you have been suffering for my sake," said Richard.

"It is no matter. My shoulders are broad enough for two," returned the other, kindly. "I am right glad to see your face again, though it is so changed. You have been ill, have you not, lad?"

"I don't know. Something is wrong with me, and I may be worse—that is why I want to speak to you. Listen!"

"All right. Don't look this way, and sink your voice if either of these dogs comes to leeward."

"If you get away from this place, and *I* don't—"

"Now, none of that, lad," interrupted the old man, earnestly. "That's the worst thing you can get into your head at Lingmoor, if you ever want to leave it. Never *say* die, nor even *think* it. I am three times your age, and yet I mean to get out again and enjoy myself. It is but fifteen years now, without counting remission—though I've got into disgrace with my cursed watch-dog, and sha'n't get much of that—and you must keep a good heart."

"I shall keep a firm one," answered Richard, "never fear. I wish to guard against contingencies, that's all. If I die—"

"Damned if you shall," said Balfour, sturdily, quite innocent of any plagiarism from Uncle Toby.

"Very good," continued Richard, coolly. "If you get out of this before me, let us merely say, I have something to tell you which may be of service to you. There's a man in Breakneckshire called Carew of Crompton—"

"I know him: the gentleman born as put on the gloves with Bendigo at Birmingham?"

"Very likely; at all events, every body knows him in the Midlands. He will go to the dogs some day, and his estate will be sold. You have saved money, you tell me; if the chance occurs, you can't invest it better than in the lot called Wheal Danes, a mine in Cornwall."

"I believe you every word," said Balfour; "but a mine would be rather over my figure, wouldn't it? I have only got eight hundred pounds."

"That would be plenty. It's a disused mine, and supposed to be worked out. There's only one man in England that knows it is not so, except myself. He will come or send to the auction, expecting to get it cheap; but do you bid two hundred pounds beforehand, and get it by private contract. Say you want the place—it's close to the sea—for building purposes; they'll laugh at you, and jump at your offer. The fee-simple is not supposed to be worth five shillings an acre. It will turn out a gold mine to whoever gets it."

"Wheal Danes," repeated Balfour, carefully. "I'll remember that; and what is more, lad, I'll not forget the man as told me of it. It's not the profit that I am speaking on: that will be yours, I hope, as it should be in all reason, and not mine; but it's the confidence." The old man's voice grew husky with emotion. "Damme, I liked *you* from the first, as was natural enough; but there was no reason why you should take a fancy to an old thief like me more than any other among this pretty lot here. The first as speaks of secrets is of course the one as runs the risk, but I will do what I can to show myself honorable on my side. You have trusted me, and I'll trust you."

"Have you any plan to get away from this?" whispered Richard, eagerly. "All that I have shall be yours: I swear it."

"Nay, lad; your word's enough," returned the other, reproachfully. "And I don't covet nothing of yours; indeed I don't."

"I was a brute to talk so to you, Balfour," answered Richard, penitently. "But you don't know how I crave for freedom: it makes me mad to think of it."

"Ay, ay; I know," sighed the old fellow. "It used to be so with me once; but now it only comes on me when my term is nearly up. One gets patient as one gets old, you'll find. No; I've no plan just now; though, if I ever have, I promise you you shall be the man to know it. It's another matter altogether that I meant to tell you about. You've given me an address to remember: let me give you another in exchange for it—No. 91 Earl Street East, Spitalfields. That's where mother lives, if the poor soul is alive to whom you wrote for me from Cross Key. She'll be dead, however, long before you or I get out of this, that's certain, or I should not be telling you what I do; for one's mother is the best friend of all friends, and should come first and foremost. Well, the money will do her no good; and if any thing happens to me, I have neither chick nor child to inherit it. I am speaking of this eight hundred pound, lad. If I get into the world, I shall want it for myself, for I doubt my limbs will be too stiff for work by that time; but if not, then you shall have it—every shilling. I am digging my own grave, as it might be, with this spade, and making my will, do you see?" said the old fellow, smiling.

"I thank you for your kind intentions," returned Richard, absently; "it's very good of you, I'm sure." His hopes of some scheme of present release had been excited by the old man's manner, and this faint and far-off prospect of a legateeship seemed but of little worth.

"I may not have another chance to tell you about it," resumed Balfour. "It is five years now since you and I spoke together last, and it may be another five years before such good luck happens again; so don't forget 91 Earl Street East. It's under the middle stone of the back kitchen, all in golden quids. You needn't mind it being 'swag;' and as for those whose own it is by rights, I could not tell you who the half of it belonged to, if I would. It's the savings of an industrious life, lad," added Mr. Balfour, pathetically; "and I should be sorry to think, if any thing happened to me, that it should lie there useless, or be found accidental like, and perhaps fall into the hands of the bluebottles. Your memory's good, my lad, I dare say, and you won't forget the number nor the street."

"My memory is very good, friend," returned Richard, slowly; "and I have only two or three things else to keep in it. And you, on your part, you will not forget the mine?"

"Nay, nay; I've got it safe: Wheal Danes, Wheal Danes."

"Silence, down there!" roared the warder; and nothing but the squeak of the barrow-wheel and the clean slice of the spade was heard in all that throng of involuntary toilers.

HANDWRITING.

MANY people laugh at what is called "graptomancy," or the art of judging characters by handwriting; and yet all acknowledge that handwriting *does* indicate something. Every one allows a difference between a man's and a woman's hand; we hear people speak of a vulgar hand, a gentlemanly hand, a clerkly hand, etc. "I had once," says Archbishop Whately, "a remarkable proof that handwriting is sometimes, at least, an index to character. I had a pupil at Oxford whom I liked in most respects greatly; there was but one thing about him which seriously dissatisfied me, and that, as I often told him, was his handwriting: it was not bad as *writing*, but it had a mean, shuffling character in it, which always inspired me with a feeling of suspicion. While he remained at Oxford I saw nothing to justify this suspicion; but a transaction in which he was afterward engaged, and in which I saw more of his character than I had done before, convinced me that the writing had spoken truly. But I knew of a much more curious case, in which a celebrated 'graptomancer' was able to judge of character more correctly by handwriting than he had been able to do by personal observation. He was on a visit at a friend's house, where, among other guests, he met a lady whose conversation and manners greatly struck him, and for whom he conceived a strong friendship, based on the esteem he felt for her as a singularly truthful, pure-minded, and single-hearted woman. The lady of the house, who knew her real character to be the very reverse of what she seemed, was curious to know whether Mr. —— would be able to discover this by her handwriting. Accordingly, she procured a slip of this lady's writing (having ascertained he had never seen it), and gave it him one evening as the handwriting of a friend of hers whose character she wished him to decipher. His usual habit when he undertook to exercise this power, was to take a slip of a letter, cut down lengthwise so as not to show any sentences, to his room at night, and to bring it down with his judgment in writing the next morning. On this occasion, when the party were seated at the breakfast-table, the lady whose writing he had unconsciously been examining made some observation which particularly struck Mr. —— as seeming to betoken a very noble and truthful character. He expressed his admiration of her sentiments very warmly, adding at the same time to the lady of the house, 'Not so, by-the-way, your friend;' and he put into her hand the slip of writing of her guest which she had given him the evening before, over which he had written the words, 'Fascinating, false, and hollow-hearted.' The lady of the house kept the secret, and Mr. —— never knew that the writing on which he had pronounced so severe a judgment was that of the friend he so greatly admired."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE clerks at the New York City Hall are so accustomed to writing names beginning with O and an apostrophe that one of them recently, addressing a friend, concluded his letter with, "and O'Blige yours," etc. The letter was to a gentleman in O'Maha, Nebraska.

Why is the world like a piano?—Because it is full of sharps and flats?

A close-fisted man invited a friend to dinner, and provided only two mutton-chops. Upon removing the cover he said, "My friend, we have a lenten entertainment; you see your dinner before you." Taking the two chops upon his own plate, his friend replied, "Yes, I do; but where is your dinner?"

A man in Buffalo pulled off his coat and jumped in the canal to save a woman from drowning, when a pickpocket stole his pocket-book from the coat, and the woman swore at him for pulling her hair in his efforts to save her life. There isn't much inducement in Buffalo for a man to act as a retriever.

"Vill you dake sumding?" said a German teetotaler to a friend, while standing near a tavern. "I don't care if I do," was the reply. "Vell, den, let us dake a valk."

A banker lent a graceless scamp fifty dollars in the hope of getting rid of him; but, to his surprise, the fellow paid the money punctually on the day agreed upon, and a short time afterward applied to him for another loan. "No," said the banker; "you have deceived me once, and I am resolved you shall never do so a second time."

PLEASANT CHECKS IN LIFE—Bank checks.

Pat's master told him to go and grease the wagon. He returned after a while and said, "All the grace is gone, bad luck to it." "Why, Pat, I gave you enough to grease five or six wagons." "If you plase, Sir, I only got about half over the top of the wagon when the grace run out." "Why, you blundering fool, I meant that you should grease the wheels, not the wagon." "Sure, you tould me to graze the wagon, Sir."

SMOKING-CARRIAGES—Engines.

A rich old speculator in Chicago, it is said, has sent a request to our Italian minister to engage "Mr. Chromo" to paint him a picture worth not less than $20,000.

AN INHUMAN ACT—Pulling down the blind.

"Wife, I don't see how they send letters on them 'ere wires without tearin' 'em all to bits." "They don't send the paper," said the wife. "They just send the writing in a fluid state."

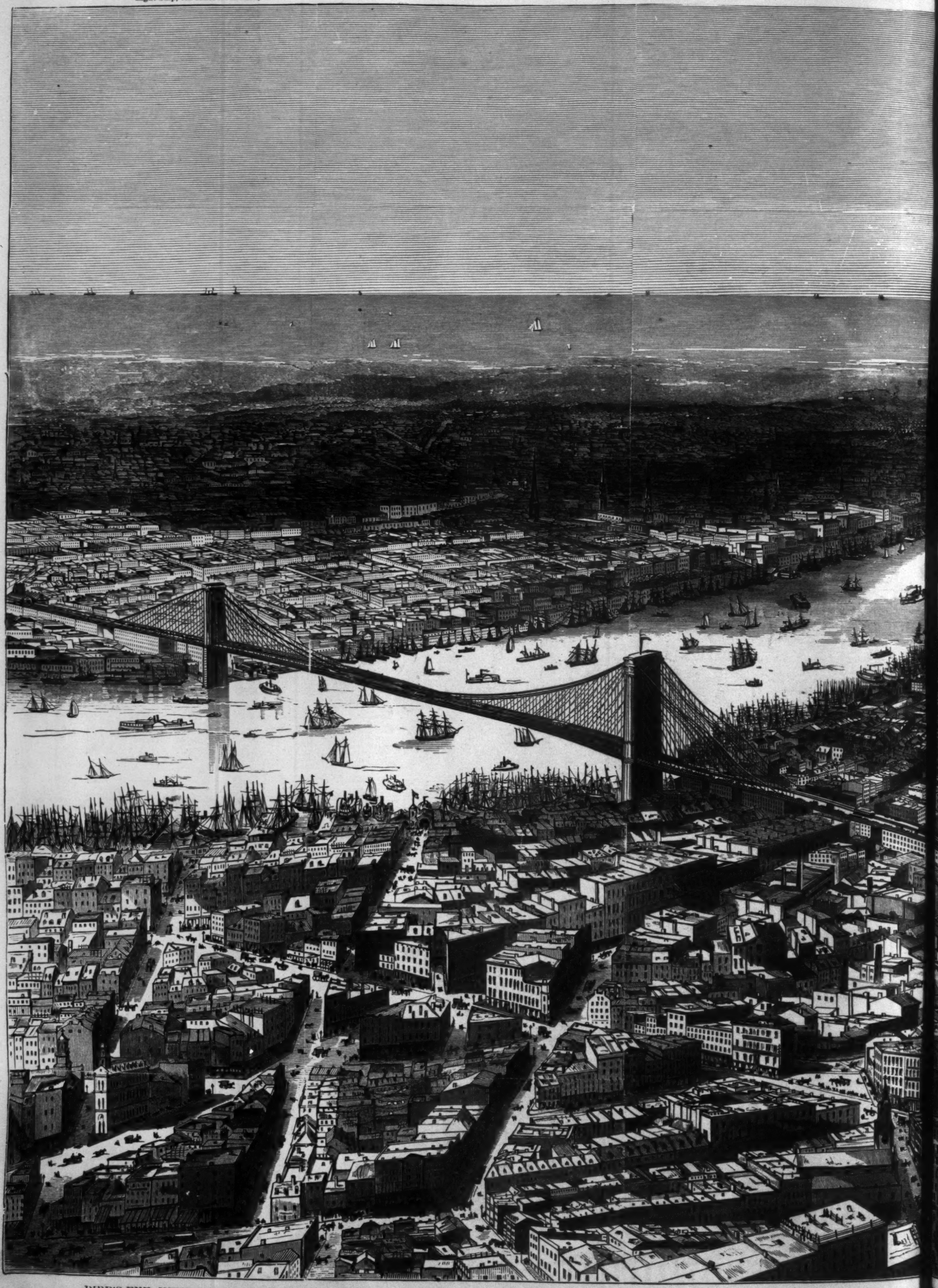
A liberal translation of "*tempus fugit*" is "few get time."

The man who by mistake took a drink from a bottle of mucilage says he has felt "stuck up" ever since.

LA BELLE FRANCE.

BEHIND THE RAMPARTS—A CRITICAL MOMENT.

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SOUTHERN END OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN, SHOWING THE PROJECTED SUSPENSION-BRIDGE OVER

ER[illegible] EAST RIVER, FROM THE WESTERN TERMINUS IN PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 739.]

IRREGULAR FRENCH TROOPS.

FRENCH SOLDIERS.

WE give on this page some illustrations that show the motley character of the armies on which France now relies for deliverance. The honest-looking but not very smart nor intelligent Bretons would doubtless make excellent soldiers in time, but no amount of drilling they are likely to get before the Prussians force them into the field can make them equal to the educated peasant-soldiery directed by MOLTKE. As for the Turcos, and other wild people brought over from Algeria, they are good for nothing in a war like this. Against their own kind their military training would make them efficient troops; but when employed against such men as Germany sends into the field, they must share the fate of all savages brought into conflict with a civilized race. Their bravery and dash avail nothing against the steady resolution and intelligent training of the Germans.

TURCOS IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

A BALLOON DESCENT.

THE dispatch of balloons from Paris conveying persons and bags of letters, when the wind favors the passage, to territory beyond the Prussian lines of investment, is a remarkable characteristic of the siege of that capital. The picture on page 741 shows the descent of one of these balloons at Dreux, on the Eure, fifty miles west of Paris. The aeronaut, M. ISSANDIER, who was alone in the balloon, was greatly alarmed on nearing the ground by the approach of a number of horsemen, whom he took for Prussian Uhlans; but he had discharged so much gas that he could not help coming down then and there. To his great relief they turned out to be French volunteer cavalry scouts, ordered to welcome him, and assist his landing on terra firma. M. ISSANDIER gladly availed himself of their protection, and proceeded to Tours with important dispatches for the government from Paris.

PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS COOKING IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE PARIS.

THE END OF ALL.

WHEN mirth is full and free
Some sudden gloom shall be;
When haughty power mounts high
The Watcher's axe is nigh.
All growth has bound; when greatest found
It hastes to die.

When the rich town, that long
Has lain its huts among,
Uprears its pageants vast,
And vaunts—it shall not last!
Bright tints that shine are but a sign
Of summer past.

And when thine eye surveys,
With fond adoring gaze,
And yearning heart, thy friend—
Love to its grave doth tend.
All gifts below, save Truth, but grow
Toward an end.

WHERE THE PATHS PARTED.

AFTER some restless walking up and down the room the young lady had paused before the mirror, and now stood with her eyes riveted upon the image revealed to her.

This circumstance, you will think, was not in itself remarkable. Very true, it was not; but the face reflected was far from ordinary.

It was a miracle of contradictions. It was a young face and an old face at once. It was a fresh and yet a faded face. A care-worn, thoughtful face, that might, somehow, have been mistaken for a merry face. It was trustful, perhaps; or was it perhaps cynical? But *one* thing one might swear: among all its shadowy mergings of expressions it was very earnest, very honest. There was not a taint, either, of the dry-rot of vanity.

The eyes thus sounding themselves were not large, but were well shaped and liquid, and absolutely charming, through their limpid softness and calm sincerity. The forehead above them was rather high and full, and upon it, between the somewhat heavily marked eyebrows, were two or three faint lines, visible in a cross light. It was the effect of these, perhaps, to fade the yet round cheeks, if you observed them. The nose was not symmetrical; the nostrils, thin and flexible, being quite too wide, with a slight dent in the upper part of their firm curves, which might have been wished away. But the mouth—the mouth was beautiful! perfect, in right of its outlines, its color, and its womanly, tempting sweetness. And the chin was almost as pretty; decided, but so gently curved, so lovingly impressed with one smooth dimple in its centre. I am sure that no woman would have called the face pretty, and no artist could have called it plain. It was framed by much (natural) dark brown hair, just now hanging loose and long about the girl's shoulders.

Between her elbows, where, for the better support of her chin, she rested them on the bureau, lay an open letter, hastily opened, evidently, for the envelope, tossed on the floor, was torn almost into two parts. And somehow, though her attentive glance had never touched it since she paused in her walk, you would have felt immediately certain, if you had seen her, that this letter contained the motive of her self-examination. She did not sigh once. Observe, that she did not once sigh. But when her scrutiny had lasted perhaps five minutes a film seemed to create itself in her soft eyes, which still regarded themselves in an alien, critical way, exceedingly strange. The mist thickened, clouded her vision, and, resolving itself into two heavy and painful tears, rolled slowly down her cheeks. Others followed; and she watched them fall without the smallest change of expression. Presently, however, a slight spasmodic stricture contracted her lips, and a sob caught in her throat and choked her. At that she turned from the glass with a gesture of disdain toward the figure in it; but, seemingly in despite of herself, her head sank, she buried her face in her hands, her shoulders bent, her bosom heaved, her whole figure was swayed by a sudden storm of some nameless emotion.

Almost immediately she lifted her head, and cried out aloud, passionately:

"Do my tears change any thing? I am a fool! My God! were there not fools enough? What was the Heavenly reason for making me?"

Then she laughed. Not a self-scornful, female-Mephistophelian laugh; quite a merry, heart-broken little sound, full of music.

The next thing was to take up the letter and reperuse it; and again; and again yet several times. Its sole and simple contents were what follows:

"DEAR MISS FELIX,—Hitherto I have been too busy to indulge myself with the long-promised pleasure of a visit to you; but if you are disengaged to-morrow evening, and in a mood for self-sacrifice, I shall take a holiday, and inflict an hour or two of it upon you. If I bring with me the body-guard of blue devils, which you maintain I support, I shall hope to leave them behind. Yours very truly,

"AUGUSTINE HOWARD."

It may not be out of place to state, at this point, that Mr. Augustine Howard was a journalist, talented in his way, but having a particular genius for never making money, which was only equaled by his gift for throwing it away if chance ever forced any into his pocket. Miss Carmen Felix was a resident governess.

Long after it would have seemed that she must have extracted every possibility of meaning from the simple words of the note, Miss Carmen rose, and remarked to herself, philosophically:

"Well, the world turns round. To-morrow has become to-day, and it is time I should dress myself."

The direct sequence of these words seemed to be that she should sit down again, which she did, and looked thoughtfully at the carpet a long time. Then she slowly unlocked a writing-desk at her elbow, and selected from a thick package of letters, directed in the firm clear hand of a man of business, one—the most recently dated. It was what is called "a love-letter," in the entirest sense of the phrase; devoted, ardent, and decidedly silly. In addition to the absurdities inherent in such a composition, it was noticeable that in this specimen the capitals were not all correctly placed, and that the punctuation was managed in accordance with a system original with the writer.

It is impossible to imagine any one with a more vivid perception of such indications than Miss Felix; but she read the letter through, word by word, slowly and attentively, twice; then slowly and carefully replaced it among the others, laid the package in its proper compartment, closed the desk methodically, and locked it with a sharp, decisive snap. Once more she spoke to herself—thus to speak being a bad habit of hers.

"There can not be a doubt that *he* loves me," she said, right sadly. "Unfortunately there can not be a doubt of that. I wish he was not coming this evening too. However, I must comb my hair."

She attended to this duty with scrupulous exactness. And though she was far from looking as handsome or as charming as she did when her full tresses had twined snakily about her bare shoulders, I am bound to say that the result would not have been unsatisfactory to me if I had loved her, which, thank Heaven! I never did. It is, perhaps, a misfortune to love any woman; but it is downright fatality to love such a woman as Carmen Felix—such a bundle of crude contradictory possibilities. Her arms about one would be pleasant, no doubt. Water-lilies are pleasant things to look at, but if I were a "strong swimmer" I would prefer they should not twine their soft long stems around my neck. I have noticed that there is a class of women (this is said in parenthesis), happily a small class, and unhappily a fascinating one, who do most mischief precisely when they persuade themselves that they are conscientiously refraining from any; and I suspect that Miss Carmen Felix may have belonged to it.

After she was dressed, she felt her heart disturb her while she sat waiting. It did not flutter—it never did—but somehow impeded her respiration. The knowledge of this fact, which she did not disguise from herself, distressed her, and she was aware also that it would be apt to flush her face unbecomingly. So she took down a volume of Emerson to quiet herself. It will be admitted that she chose wisely; but Chance, mighty god, was against her. When the servant entered her room a little while after, with Mr. Howard's card, she was ruminating with bent brows over these words, which she had lit upon, and twice perused:

"Whatever is fated, that will take place. The great, immense mind of Jove is not to be transgressed."

"Very well," said Miss Felix, rising; "I will be down in a moment." She added to herself, "That should save me from responsibility, at any rate." After a little pause and laughing: "What a goose! A man said that for men. Women are outside the scheme. *We* do what we please—at least with our lovers."

Miss Felix blushed again, and ran down stairs too fast, thus once more endangering the equanimity of her appearance.

She met her visitor with a peculiar cordial warmth, which was one of her many charms. And then they fell into that sort of meaningless conversation which people adopt instinctively when they have not met for some time, particularly when there were half-acknowledged possibilities in the old time that may not be developed in the new. In this instance there was an anxious intentness in Mr. Howard's eyes and manner, and under all her cool ease an uneasy expectancy in that of Miss Carmen's, singularly at variance with their trifling words.

"I have not realized before," said Miss Carmen, after a while, "what a long, long while it is since I have seen you. Oh, I have missed you so much since I came from the city! Don't you remember you used to be a sort of father confessor for me? and how nice it was to have one's director getting into a temper all the time!" she added, laughing gayly. "It relieved me of the sense of unique depravity, which might have oppressed me if you had been quite saint-like."

"Yes, it generally ended in the penitent's conferring absolution on her ghostly father," said Mr. Howard, echoing her laugh. "I *did* get into 'a temper,' as you call it, pretty often. I puzzle myself to imagine why I always displayed myself in my worst colors to you. Not that I wanted to, of course; I couldn't help it, I suppose. If 'Fate is nothing but the remembrance of another state,' you and I must have amused ourselves with quarreling—well, not to be exact, we'll say a million cycles since or so."

"Dear me!" cried Miss Carmen, really turning a little pale; "why, you are quoting Emerson?"

"Well, is that a crime too? You will tempt me to repeat it if you look like that."

"No! You see you startled me. I have just been reading the wretch myself, that's all."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Mr. Howard, smiling. "I perceive you are not a fatalist?"

"Don't be absurd, if you please," replied Miss Carmen, with charming courtesy, settling her robes like a bird its plumage; "and don't make fun of me. I'm not any thing; I am a woman. And women are nothing unless they are disappointed. Do you think I look like a disappointed woman?"

She asked this curious question with a childlike gravity and sincerity which would have been coquetry except that it was entirely unconscious. But as she lifted her dangerous eyes, so soft and so dreamily shadowed, she felt her face flame. She encountered a look she had not anticipated. She detected the ambushed danger, and made haste to answer herself.

"Of course I do, though, for I *am* disappointed. When I was little, for instance, I loved to sit out in the dusk, waiting. I was never sure that I should not see a funny old crone sidle up out of the shadows, and ask me what three things I longed for. Now I believe my wish would be to have her put me to sleep, like the princess, for a hundred years. But if I were asleep I should miss that sunset yonder. Just see it! I have been longing for you to come down, because I wanted to show you something prettier than ever you would see in the city—"

"I came for that."

She went on without heeding the interruption—"and it is so nice to have your visit happen on such an afternoon."

She had pushed back the light window drapery while she was speaking, and the level red ray flushed her face with a tint warm and glowing. They both looked out in silence.

It would have been difficult to use exaggerating adjectives. The clouds on the horizon were piled in jagged masses, mingling their radiant, deep hues through indescribable shadings of color. Above these was the pure, translucent blue—"clear as God's celestial crystals"—without speck, or fleck, or torn shred of cloud. The water was a little ruffled by the evening wind, and fast over it steely, changing lines moved, breaking into a million tints the bright reflection of the glories of the sky. One or two small sailing vessels, with white sails outspread, glided, doubled, passed, like winged images in a dream. On the near-seeming farther shore was the shadow of a mist, maize-colored over the houses of the town, deepening into purple on the sombre hills that closed the view.

Both were silent for some minutes; then said Miss Carmen, gazing straight before her:

"How very beautiful! I wonder if there is any one who could fail to feel it? This is Mr. Ainsworth's favorite outlook."

There was something singularly awkward in this little speech, and it was made more apparent by Miss Carmen's manner. She was generally the ideal of self-possession; but now this name had hardly escaped her lips when she caught her breath quickly and cast down her eyes, as we do when we have unwittingly betrayed ourselves. Yet it is certain that she had been meditating the introduction of Mr. Ainsworth's name ever since she had caught the glance whose translation into words she had deemed it better to prevent.

In a moment Mr. Howard forgot earth, air, and water in favor of one well-tinted piece of moulded dust. His changed glance fell upon her with what seemed an absolute physical pressure, communicating something of the sudden pain which impelled it.

"Mr. Ainsworth? A friend of yours, I presume?"

"Yes. Oh, the lovely afternoon! Could it have been more perfect if it had been ordered direct from paradise? See that loving mist, how it hovers over the dimples in the shore yonder! Oh yes! Why, don't you remember Mr. Ferdinand Ainsworth?"

Miss Carmen spoke with perfect ease again, and yet with a curious effect of forcing herself to say what she was saying.

"Don't you remember? He used to bring me flowers sometimes when I was boarding at Mrs. Dixon's. You did not like him much, though, I believe."

"His favorite outlook?" Mr. Howard repeated her words without emphasis.

"He likes it very much indeed; and who can wonder? All my friends are not so forgetful as you have showed yourself, Mr. Howard. By-the-way, that reminds me that I am angry with you. What is the reason that you have not come before?"

Mr. Howard had been in the room but a little while—half an hour, perhaps—and no words of particular meaning had been spoken by either. Yet both had felt, what we all do sometimes, I suppose, the impossibility of making commonplaces commonplace; of banishing meaning from meaningless phrases; of quite covering the fire which leaped in tremulous flashes to the cheeks of one, and sparkled unreproved in the eyes of the other. He looked deeply into her eyes as long as she would let him, and when they ambushed themselves behind their long fringes he spoke. Slowly, as a man speaks who speaks to a foe before the knife-thrust, and long after hate has hushed wrangling; as a woman speaks when she quietly soothes her child who is dying. Carefully, as one gropes a ragged, dangerous way in darkness; as a diplomatist touches tenderly the heart of a matter before he pierces it.

"I think I can explain," he answered, gazing at her eyelids as if they were white eyes—"I think I can explain my absence. I wished to assure myself of two things. To make them certain beyond a doubt. One was assured me months ago. The other— Do you remember a little note you wrote me two months since?"

"You did not answer that note," said Miss Felix, in a low voice, without looking up. Her face was quite white.

"Estimate its importance to me," he answered, with a painful and pallid smile, "when it took me two months to frame a suitable reply. I have brought one with me. I came to make it, and I beg you to hear me. I wish to make you feel—"

"Don't go on!" cried Miss Felix, in a sharp, unnatural voice. "I have something to tell you. I am going to be married in October!"

There was a dead silence after that, and a sense of suffocation in the room. A burning flame devoured Miss Felix, neck and cheek and brow, and receded, leaving an ashy pallor. She was so shocked at her horrible *faux pas* that she forgot every thing, even the despair she had thrust into her listener's heart. She had held in her hand a carven fan; its delicate handle snapped, and it fell to the floor; neither of them heard the small, sharp noise, or stooped to recover the toy. Mr. Howard did not seem to notice the advantage she had given him. He looked at her like a man bewildered by a sudden blow. At last he held out his hand, and when she placed hers within it he crushed the soft palm.

"I congratulate you from my heart on whatever is likely to make you happy. God bless you, Miss Carmen!"

He uttered these words in a husky voice, that came from a pierced heart, and that thrilled his listener's like living flame. "If God ever made a creature who deserves happiness, it is you; if a man's deathless—if my utmost wishes could secure it to you, you would have it in spite of God himself."

"Oh, Heaven! what am I, that you should say such things?" The words dropped from her lips in a half whisper, her white, scared face acknowledging the ardent passion of his. "Why—oh, my God!—why did you not answer my letter?"

She rose from her chair. I can not describe her look, nor his. Her gesture was unutterable, horror of herself, despair, half extinguishing agony. While he gazed at her, held silent for one moment, she changed. Her eyes lost their intensity; a little color crept into her cheeks; her high mood seemed to lower itself; her whole figure somehow to *wilt*. She sank back into her chair as if she were tired, locked her fingers loosely, and pressed them against her breast; she drew a long, slow breath, and with a faint smile said, murmuringly:

"Do, pray, forgive me! Sometimes I am so silly."

"Forgive you! I can not understand you. If I—if I could think it possible—"

"Oh, I hope it is possible!" she cried, opening her eyes and looking at him merrily, with the same laugh that had rippled over her lips when, a while ago, up stairs, she had called herself a fool. "Heroics are quite absurd, I know, and I was in danger of them just now. But, you see, though I expect to be very happy, of course, the thought of resigning my liberty sometimes distresses me. You must have been truly amazed at such a singular announcement of such a fact. Indeed, I saw you were. Yes, I am going to marry Mr. Ainsworth." Then she went on with increasing rapidity, her cheeks growing scarlet while she talked. "I wish you were better acquainted with him; I am sure you would like him very much if you were. There is nothing remarkable about him; he is noway brilliant; but he is kindness itself. And kindness has more to do with everyday happiness than all the brilliancy in the world. Don't you agree with me? And besides—but that 'of course,' too, since *I* am to marry him—he has plenty of money. And I have been scribbler, artist, governess—what not—so long that I shall be quite ready, no doubt, to appreciate pretty things and humdrum life. What! you are not thinking of going? Why, I supposed I should have a nice long visit. Besides," continued Miss Carmen, with amazing flippancy, "you remember you have not yet excused yourself for failing to answer my note."

"Nay, I am sure you will pardon me without an explanation." Mr. Howard's haggard face was not devoid of pity; and his low voice, uncertain and tremulous, had the same quality. "I would gladly prolong my stay, but the object of my coming is answered. I can not affect indifference well, and I do not wish to pain you."

"Oh, I am *truly* sorry you must go!" cried Miss Felix, with uncomprehending, cordial warmth. "If you could remain a little while longer I should hope for the pleasure of reintroducing you to Mr. Ainsworth. I expect him also this evening."

"There is the more reason for a speedy leave-taking," said Mr. Howard, with the quiet courtesy of a gentleman. "I fear it will be a long one. I shall probably leave for Europe in a day or two. You know I have been meditating a visit to my mother for a long time, and the present will be a favorable time."

Miss Carmen expressed her frankly warm regrets and good wishes with eyelids that never quivered, and color that never flickered. But just as he was leaving— He had said farewell quietly, and so had she; but he still held her fingers in a hungry, clinging grasp, that seemed as though it *could not* loosen, and looked at her with the dumb, death agony of hope still pleading in his eyes. This glance fell into hers with all its weight. It pierced her soul, and stung it out of its inexplicable lethargy. She seized with both hands the one that had held hers, and pressed it against her cheek—against her breast. There fell from her lips one monosyllable, but it sounded like the falling of a heart-wrung drop of blood. "Oh!" she murmured, and stopped. At that his eyes lighted with a renewed interrogation; there was a smile in hers, and no answer.

When he had gone she stood still in the same place, looking at the vacant air as if she saw his ghost. She was quiet and motionless a long time. Then she spoke.

"I wonder if I am dead, or alive," she murmured, smiling quietly. But her face looked the face of a woman ten years older than she. She put her hand on her heart with a whimsical air of interrogation. "It certainly beats! Well, it is a comfort to know where to place one's self. But if I am not dead, I am certainly dreaming. I feel nothing, and I don't wonder at wonderful things. Yes, I'm certainly dreaming. To be dead might be the best of the two. There is a doubt, at least, about the quality of the dreams they shut up in the coffin with one. I wonder if pine or rose-wood hold the better? Oh, what a pity I did not think of that doubt before!"

This she murmured, after a minute of silence, with a quaint air of calm after-thought, which, in some inexplicable way, might have suggested a broken heart.

"Not for our love shall fate retire,
Nor God relent for our desire,
Nor the graves open for our call.
The end is more than joy or anguish,
Than lives that laugh or lives that languish,
The poppied sleep, the end of all!"

She repeated these lines in that musical, soft, sad voice of hers, whose subtile, heart-seeking intonations somehow always reminded me of the leaping and flickering of white flame. The last low cadence dispersed itself like melting perfume. The bell startled the listening silence. Miss Carmen clasped her hands and looked upward.

"Now God help me to do the hard, right thing!"

The gesture was honest, the aspiration sincere and fervent. But from her lips it might well have reminded one of the text on a good Mussulman's sharp steel cimeter—it pointed to bloody work.

Mr. Ainsworth entered the next moment. He was what is called a "good-looking" man; decidedly so, indeed, though the cast of his features was rather heavy, and though his figure, which was of no more than the medium height, was somewhat too stoutly built. He was very fair, with a profusion of blonde hair, and blue eyes, which were honest and tender, but not bright. His manners were those of a gentleman, and his appearance and elegant, unassuming dress those of a man of wealth. I am bound to say that the greeting between himself and Miss Carmen was conducted in the manner of betrothed lovers. But this over (and the young lady had merely submitted to an embrace which she could hardly avoid), she seated herself at some little distance from her lover, and began a hasty conversation of commonplaces. There was visible about her tremulous eyelids a certain cowardice—a certain irresolution in the nervous twitching of her clasped fingers. But Mr. Ainsworth was not the person to observe either indication.

However, love is prescient, wherever its home may be; and he grew uneasy after a little while, without knowing why. Perhaps he remembered that his mistress did not use to seat herself at such a chilling distance.

"Come Carmen," said he at last, "come and sit beside me on the sofa. I want to tell you about something important. I want to explain to you about some houses I have been looking at. You remember the corner house I spoke of, the brick, with brown-stone trimmings, dear— But why don't you come and sit beside me, Carmen?"

"I'm coming. But brick and brown-stone are such heavy subjects! Don't let's talk about houses, please. Besides, I know all about it beforehand: 'The man won't hear reason, won't give in an inch, won't "split the difference;" shall you purchase whether or no?' Indeed, I can't tell. I'm not a woman of business. Please yourself."

She leaned her head back, and folded her hands, and closed her eyes. Not *quite* closed them, but they seemed so. She looked indifferent, almost hard.

"Why, surely, Carmen, it is something to you!" said Mr. Ainsworth, after a minute's surprised silence. "But perhaps you *are* tired of it. I won't weary you, love, with details that you don't care for. Some day, when you are at leisure and feel like it, you shall go over it with me, if you will, and see all for yourself. You will understand it better then."

"You find me rather stupid to-night, perhaps?"

"*You* stupid?" cried the lover with ardor, and would have kissed her; but she avoided the embrace, and moved off a little.

"Carmen! What is the matter with you to-night?"

"The matter? with me? Am I not looking well? It is this blue ribbon, perhaps; blue is not becoming to me, in spite of your opinion. But just now I am anxious to hear what you wish about the house."

"My darling," said Mr. Ainsworth, beginning to look puzzled as well as grieved, "I thought the subject tired you?"

"It did, but I've changed my mind. Ferdinand—won't you tell me if I ask you?"

Mr. Ainsworth was very ardently in love, and it took only the slight accent of kindness in this question to banish the shadow which had begun to creep over him.

"I will do any thing on earth for you, my pet!" he answered, with devotion absurdly disproportioned to the subject.

And so he began, immediately forgetting his momentary pain in his desire to please her, and shortly entering into his subject *con amore*. For though he was a young man, wealthy, and much courted in consequence, he was full of home longings and fine domestic instincts; and he had pleased himself for many a week with imagining all sorts of pretty contrivances, and luxurious nooks and ornaments, in the cage he was to make ready for the bird he had won, and which he truly thought of Paradise. So he told her all he meant to do, and mixed up his descriptions with raptures and ardent epithets that showed his very soul. And Carmen listened, her head still lying back against the wall, her hand in his, he having captured it long ago. The color had quite sunk out of her face. It had not faded suddenly; the blood seemed to have drained itself away, to have fallen like the mercury when the weather chills.

"Do you like it?" he asked at last.

"Yes; that is—the house. Now describe its mistress."

"Describe its mistress—*to you?* Ah, I can't do that! God made her, and made her perfect; too good for any home but heaven! And God grant I may be *there* first, to make that ready too!"

He added this aspiration after a moment's silence, with an egotism and a sudden, poignant anguish of love which love alone can create or justify. "And she is beautiful as well as good. Kiss me, Carmen."

She let him kiss her cheek, and then, with a quick, bitter sigh, turned her lips to his for one immeasurable instant. His frame quivered from head to foot; he could not speak. He held her fast, and looked at her—looked at her as a man looks at but one woman on earth—as if she were indeed his very soul, and his whole being yearned for its life. Some murmured ejaculations fell from his lips.

"Please let me go." The words came in a soft, clear voice, which, being so distinct just then, had death in it. "Let me go, Ferdinand. I shall never be the mistress of that house."

He did not seem to hear her, and would have drawn her head down against his breast.

"Let me go, Ferdinand. I shall never live in the house you have been making ready for me. You must find another mistress for it, my poor friend; a better one than I."

He loosed his hold of her, and stared at her with contracted brows. When he spoke, it was huskily and painfully and slowly:

"Don't jest so, Carmen. Darling, don't jest so. You puzzle me and you pain me. I don't understand you. I can not bear to hear you talk so, even in jest. You love me, don't you?"

"No; I don't love you," answered the girl, steadily, with an ashen face.

He seized her hands, and crushed them with a fierce pressure.

"Good God! What do you mean?"

"I have wanted to tell you before, Ferdinand—often." Her voice was clear, and her eyes were dry. "I have wanted to tell you often. But until this evening I did not know how wicked my silence and my weakness were. Now I know, and I can not marry you."

A groan came from his lips. He looked at her with the eyes of a drowning wretch in sight of succor. She turned her face away, and went on:

"I want to ease your pain by telling you just what I am. I want you to know what I am. Oh, if you could only hate me! if you could only despise me as I do myself! Then you would root me from your heart; you would trample on every thought of me; you would disdain to suffer for such a creature as I!" She interrupted herself again, shivering, as well she might; she had glanced at the face confronting her. "Oh, don't look so! don't look so! I will cure your love for me. Only listen. Ferdinand, before I saw you I loved some one. I would have married him if he had asked me. He did not; I thought he had seen my love and despised it, and I was very wretched and cast down. Then you came. I was so lonesome and so miserable. And you seemed to love me—Hush! Ah, my God! Yes, I know you did; but only listen. I remembered I was poor and plain, and not very young nor talented, and often sick; and I thought I could perhaps make *you* happy at least. And—oh! Ferdinand, understand, for God's sake, how base I am!—I knew you had money, and I longed for ease. And so I promised to marry you. But this evening he came back again. And he would have asked me to marry him, and I would not let him. I told him I was going to marry you. And I can not! I can not! I can not!"

She covered her eyes with her hands, because she could not bear to look upon her work. She trembled with horror of herself and terror for him. Did she feel she was doing "the hard, *right* thing?" She heard his slow, difficult breaths, and saw him shudder. His face was utterly changed. It had grown white and wrathful, with a wolfish, murderous light in the eyes. He spoke slowly and painfully.

"You are going to marry *him*, then? Damn him!"

"He bade me farewell," she whispered, pallid to the lips. "He has gone away; he will never return."

"You double-faced flirt! Fly after him; hang upon *his* neck. Curse him! Kiss *him*. And may God—"

She held up her hands with one of her strange, speaking gestures: in it all the pathos of utter submission, all the pleading of undefended weakness. Her eyelashes were wet with tears that came no farther. Her noble bosom seemed broken up with unuttered sobs. At that sight—the misery and the weakness of the woman he loved—the man rose above himself. He held out his arms, with a strange, dumb cry, and drew her home again to his breast. He crushed her slight figure in his arms, and kissed her forehead again and again; the despair of farewell in every kiss. He called her every endearing name a thousand times—his love, his life, his flower, his pretty bird, his heart's pride, his treasure, his jewel above price! And she lay in his embrace without a word; she had neither voice nor the power of thought. It was instinct that drew her away from him at last. Then she held his hands in hers, and looked at him with bitter penitence.

"Only reproach me! Ah, only tell me you forgive me because you despise me!"

"Carmen! Is there *no* hope? Don't you think you can learn to love *me*—a little? I would die for you, Carmen!"

Her grief broke into passionate sobs at last, and there fell upon his hands a mingled rain of tears and kisses.

"I *do* like you—too well, too well to marry you. Your wife should give you her whole heart, and that I can not. Forgive me, and live to thank me for saving you from such a woman as I am!"

Let the rest pass. She remained steadfast. In spite of his pleading, of the traitor in her own breast, of her remorse and his despair, she sent him from her.

Mr. Howard sailed in two days. He passed quite away from her life; she never saw him nor heard of him again. Within some years Mr. Ainsworth married a sweet and loving girl, who was not to him what Carmen had been, but who gave to his life its calmer light of content.

And Carmen. She, too, was married—to a clergyman. He was quite a severe man, with exalted views of his office; decidedly inclined to Romanism. During six months his wife was happy, and a devotee. After that she wrote a book. It was a strange volume, not successful, and full of unusual theories, veiling fatalism and despair. It was the cause of difference between herself and her husband, which resulted in a quiet separation, every one greatly commiserating the sanctified minister of God.

There is a page in her private journal inscribed with a date—the date of this one evening in her life which I have endeavored to describe; on it is fastened a flower, brown and crisp, which she wore in her hair that day. And the place is kept with a blue ribbon.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE high and exposed situation of Wilhelmshöhe, the present residence of the ex-Emperor Napoleon, is such as to render the winters very severe. Undoubtedly a prolonged sojourn there would be trying to the health of one unaccustomed to the rigors of a northern climate. This fact, added to the circumstance that Napoleon has been afflicted with a severe cold, may have given rise to the report that he is about to change his residence from Wilhelmshöhe to Elba. Be that as it may, this rumor brings into notice that little island in the Mediterranean. Elba is about eighteen miles long, and its greatest width is twelve miles. It has an area of about ninety-seven square miles, and the population numbers about 23,000, of whom between 7000 and 8000 are proprietors of the soil. It is exceedingly mountainous, and some of its peaks rise to the height of 3000 feet above the level of the sea. The climate is generally healthy, and fruit abounds in the valleys. Red and white wine, marine salt, sardines, anchovies, and other fish are among the products of Elba. It is also noted for its iron and other minerals. During the brief sovereignty of Napoleon I. at Elba he made many improvements upon the island.

The English who, from motives of curiosity or otherwise, are still abiding in Paris, are reported to be under the protection of our minister, Mr. Washburne.

New York is to be favored with another census. The order for it states that the charges which have come to the President's notice, alleging that the first census was grossly inaccurate, render it necessary to have another enumeration, so that the charges may be disproved, or a fuller and more accurate enumeration of the inhabitants made.

Stenographic reporting by machinery is one of the latest improvements. Some English genius has announced a stenographic press, which enables the reporter to sit at a key-board, not unlike that of a pianoforte, and by applying his fingers to the keys to print on a strip of paper underneath signs which represent the words which drop from the lips of a speaker. A few months' practice enables any operator to follow the most fluent speaker with ease. Pity that somebody can not invent a condensing machine to work in connection with this! Speeches would be too long for newspapers unless judiciously cut down.

It is well known that some colors do not "take well" in photographs. Blue, purple, violet, pink, and magenta will come out very light. Dark shades of brown, drab, green, maroon, and plain black goods, without gloss, will take a rich drab-color. So, also, scarlet, cherry, crimson, and dark orange. Silks come out lighter than woolen goods.

The work of counting mutilated fractional currency and legal tenders received at the Treasury Department for redemption, from all parts of the country, is done entirely by women. It is said that they excel men in counting the currency, as they are quicker, and their fingers more pliable, but that they do not succeed so well with the legal tender, because "their hands are not large enough to grasp the bundle and separate the notes quickly!"

The Bishop of Calcutta recently visited Burmah, but a curious point of etiquette prevented a proposed interview between him and the King of Burmah. The king insisted on the bishop's squatting cross-legged before him on a small carpet. The bishop asked to be allowed to stand, but the king was firm; he could not allow any man either to stand before him or to occupy a seat not lower than his, his Majesty invariably reclining on a very low couch on these occasions. The bishop was likewise firm; he declined to suffer the indignity of sitting cross-legged on a bit of carpet; and the result was that the bishop left Mandalay without having met the king, although both were very desirous that an interview should take place.

The presence of a lady law student in a court-room in Rockford, Illinois, caused a sensible diminution in the number of boot-heels resting upon tables and railings, less lounging in uncouth attitudes, and extra attention to the arrangement of masculine back hair. The lady lawyer is reported to be very beautiful, and beautiful lawyers will have their uses if they can make the old-style attorneys gentlemanly.

A highly respectable man of Lawrence, Massachusetts, has developed a singular kind of insanity, which causes an almost irresistible desire to kill his children. In fact, it was said that he was accustomed to count them every morning to make sure that he had not dispatched one during the night. He was, however, sane enough to know that his liberty should be restrained, and at his own request he was taken to an asylum.

In Madrid a large number of the Spanish clergy have accepted the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament as the sole foundation of their faith, and have determined to preach and teach nothing which may not be proved thereby. They held their first synod at the University of Madrid in August last, the rector of the University presiding. One gentleman writes from Barcelona that although the work of distributing Bibles is hindered by the war, and the unsettled state of the country, yet he sold 1250 copies in a visit of three days to seven towns. Mr. De Mora, a Spanish priest, having become a Protestant, has been employed by the American Bible Society to revise the Spanish Bible.

In accordance with an old custom, the wife of the Mayor of Chester, England, was recently presented with a silver cradle, on the occasion of the birth of a son during the mayoralty of her husband. It is not to be supposed, however, that the cradle was especially useful to rock the baby in. The testimonial consisted of a silver centre piece, with two side stands, on a plateau of silver gilt. The cradle itself, which is no larger than a walnut, is suspended from the centre piece, and is after the fashion of a nautilus shell.

October departed in the midst of the first snow-storm of the season. We do not mean here in New York, where autumn is reluctant to give place to winter, but in Maine and New Hampshire there was a foretaste of the inclement season. The White Mountains were snow-capped, and in some parts of New Hampshire not less than six inches fell.

Alaska is giving us large quantities of the seal fur this year. It is handsome, durable, and reasonable in price. It will be much worn during the winter, as well as the popular mink, sable, and ermine. The mink is largely found in New York, Maine, and in Canada, and is frequently called the American sable. The Russian and Hudson Bay sable come from the Russian possessions, and have this year been imported in large quantities to meet an increased demand. The ermine is always most valuable when taken in the coldest northern regions. Indeed, it is only desirable when taken in extreme cold weather, for the little creature which furnishes this fur is white only in winter, its coat turning a reddish-brown in summer, excepting the tail, which is always black. In making up the ermine the tips are used to contrast with the pure white of the fur.

An association has been formed in this city by about sixty well-known gentlemen for the purpose of erecting a building on the French Apartment system, on a plan of joint partnership, combining special advantages. Twelve lots have been secured, finely situated in the upper part of the city. The building is to be architecturally beautiful, constructed of pale pink brick, with sandstone trimmings, and seven stories in height. There will be eight apartments, entirely distinct from each other, upon each floor, and all modern contrivances for comfort and convenience will be furnished at a small cost to each apartment. A large restaurant will be located on the first floor for the exclusive use of the occupants. The kitchens will be at the top of the house, and fire-proof. A complete system of ventilation is to be established, and, in short, nothing is to be wanting to make the structure elegant as well as comfortable. It is said that many of the association will occupy apartments in the building.

The letter from M. Pietri, the private secretary of Napoleon III., addressed to the London papers, affirming that the ex-Emperor had no money invested in foreign funds, brought out an answer from M. Max Pol, containing a statement of the investments which he asserts to have been made by the ex-Emperor. These, which do not include any thing placed in the French funds, amount to 63,000,000 francs. M. Pietri, however, declares that the list of the Emperor's foreign investments made public by M. Max Pol are a pure invention.

The French National Bazar opens about the middle of this month, and promises to be a great success. There are to be twenty tables, all abundantly furnished with rich articles.

A young American residing at Hong-Kong had been induced by a companion to frequent a gambling-house. He was young and yielding, his false friend old enough to have been less treacherous. One evening the two had been drinking and gambling fearfully, the young man losing in every game. A new game had just begun, and while the elder man shuffled his cards, the younger leaned lazily back in his chair, and carelessly commenced to hum a tune. Without thought he sang the beautiful lines of Phœbe Cary, beginning,

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer to my Father's house
Than I've ever been before."

The elder gambler stared at the singer a moment, then, throwing his cards on the floor, exclaimed,

"Harry, where did you learn that tune?"

"What tune?"

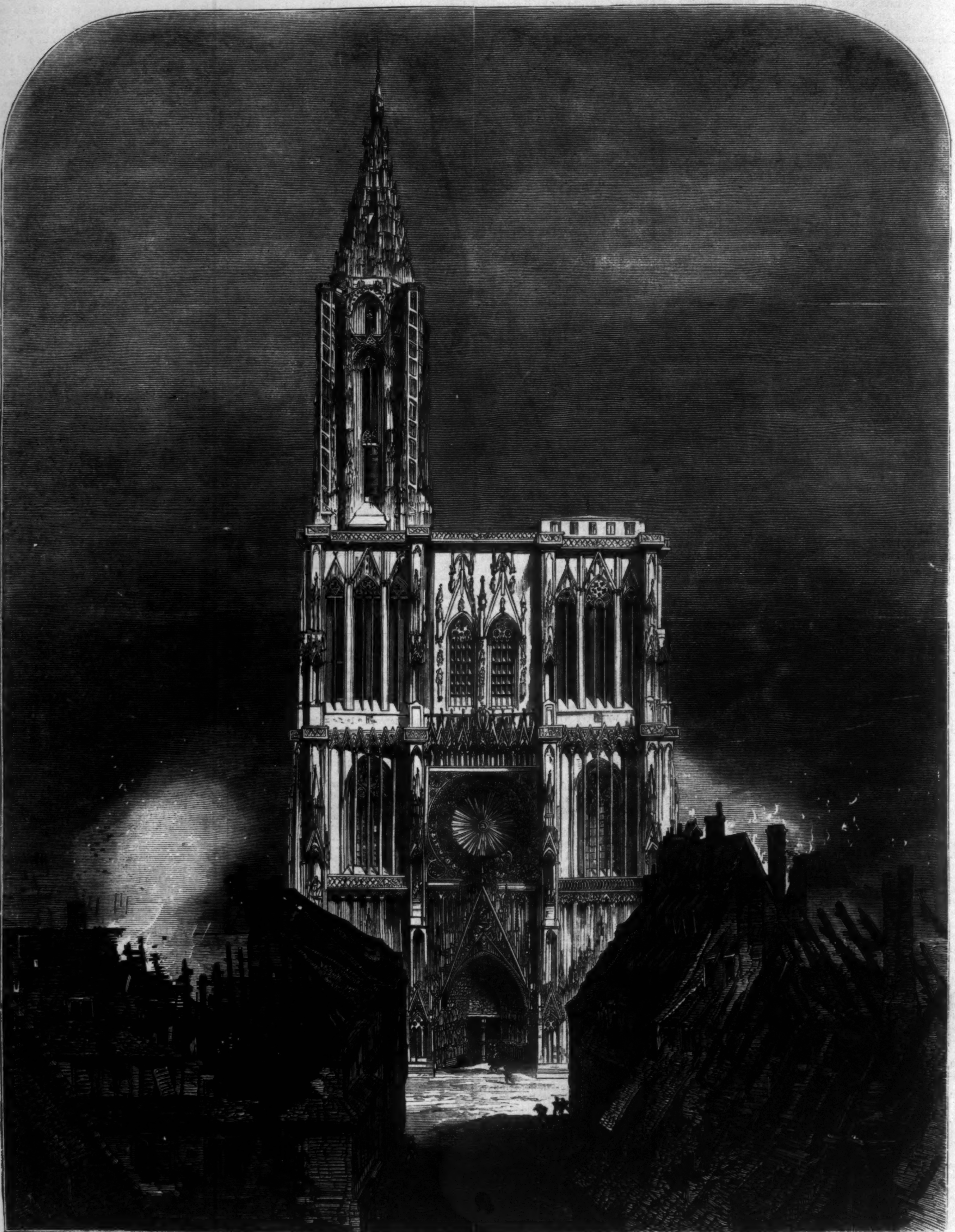
"Why, the one you have been singing."

The young man said he did not know what he had been singing, when the elder repeated the words, with tears in his eyes, and he said he had learned them in a Sunday-school in America.

"Come," said the elder, getting up, "come. Here's what I've won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game, and drank my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that, for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quit the infernal business."

The two men left the gambling-house together, and walked away arm in arm.

The reconstruction of the docks and piers of New York city is a matter which has long been agitated, and the time seems to be approaching when the Dock Commissioners will begin the good work in earnest. General Egbert L. Viele has submitted to the Commissioners plans for the reconstruction of our docks and piers, which are the result of many years' careful study. His thorough and comprehensive scheme proposes to widen the exterior street around the water-front to one hundred and fifty feet, and construct a substantial stone sea-wall in the place of the present bulkhead; to construct piers sixty feet wide, and two hundred feet apart, with solid stone pier-heads, and supported by piles of hollow iron tubes filled with cement; to make an elevated railway along the bulkhead line sufficient to accommodate freight and passenger traffic; to provide a low-level sewerage system capacious enough for the drainage of the entire city; to build for the accommodation of the canal-boat trade a large canal across the upper end of the island; and to remove the markets further up town. This appears to be a gigantic undertaking, even when looking at the mere outlines. But certainly nobody doubts that some gigantic reformation is needed—or, if any body doubts, an intelligent glance at the old wooden piers will speedily convince him—and the sooner some good plan is adopted, and work commenced, the better it will be for our people and our commerce.

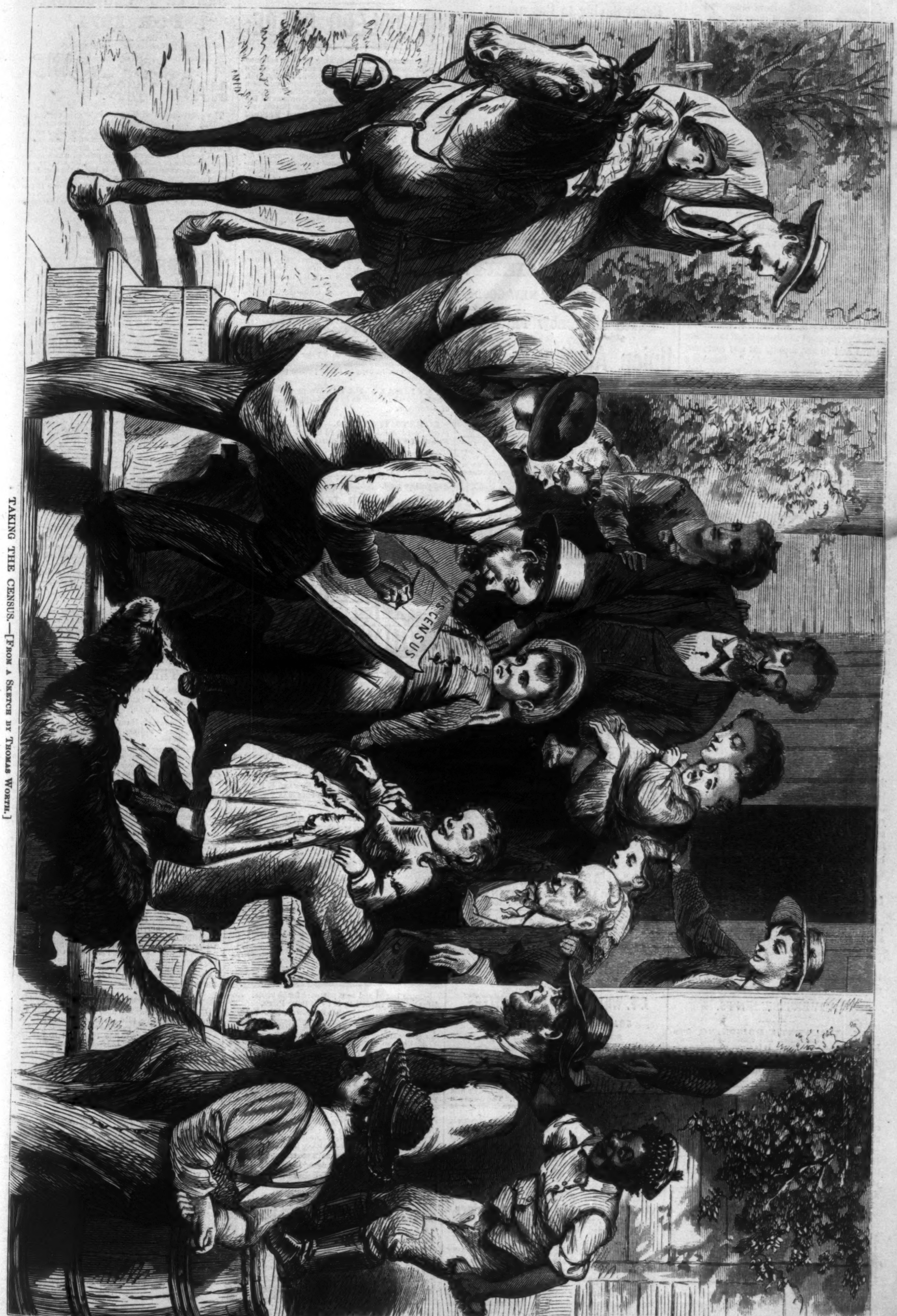


THE STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

THE STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

A VISITOR to the German batteries during the bombardment of Strasburg describes the grand effect of the majestic Cathedral towering above the city, and its spire, illuminated by the light of burning houses, conspicuous against the rolling clouds of smoke that rose into the heavens. The gunners were instructed to spare, if possible, this magnificent monument of medieval art, and probably there was not one among them who would not rather have lost his right hand than direct a single shot against the wonderful structure. Was it not a German cathedral? Was not Strasburg a German city? Were they not fighting to restore both to Germany? Fortunately its destruction was not required by the necessities of the siege, and when, after an heroic resistance, the city was surrendered, it was found that the Cathedral had suffered no material injury from the storm of iron and steel that had raged about it. As the picture on this page will show, the buildings in its immediate vicinity were greatly damaged. Close by whole streets were destroyed, the houses on each side lying in indistinguishable heaps of ruin. The whole civilized world rejoices—except those whose houses lie buried in those ruins.

Since the surrender of the city many very touching incidents have come to light, which illustrate the sufferings and hardships endured by the people of Strasburg during the bombardment. One story reads like a chapter of a romance. A wealthy merchant moved his household and his treasures into the cellar of his house, whither, when the bombardment became unpleasantly hot, they lived in supposed safety, passing away the hours in reading and other innocent amusements. But one night, when all were buried in profound sleep, a large bomb-shell fell directly through the house, and burst as it entered the cellar. As soon as the terrified man could strike a light he discovered a scene of terrible destruction. He alone was left alive. The other inmates of the cellar had either been killed by fragments of the bursting shell, or crushed to death by falling timbers. Terror-stricken by the sight, he endeavored to make his way out, but found the stairway blocked up by a mass of brick and broken beams. Fortunately he retained sufficient presence of mind to go to work at the removal of these obstructions; but having nothing but his hands to work with, he made but slow progress. At length his lamp went out, and he had to work in total darkness. Added to the difficulty of knowing what he was doing was the terror lest he should loosen the obstructing mass and bring it all down upon him at once. Several narrow escapes from this danger taught him to proceed with caution. At length, after many hours of toilsome and almost hopeless labor, a sudden slide of the mass at which he was working restored him to the outer world. It was night, but he could see enough to discern that he was in a situation of extreme peril, and that the least movement might involve his death. He therefore resolved to lie perfectly still till daylight. The stillness of the streets told him that the bombardment was over, and that the city had surrendered. Help came with the morning, and he was rescued from his perilous situation among the ruins.



TAKING THE CENSUS.—[From a Sketch by Thomas Worth.]

SOCIAL IRREPRESSIBLES.

ACCORDING to Rabelais, there once grew a kind of medlar which caused those who ate of the fruit to swell enormously; and, in like manner, some persons having partaken of unwholesome moral food, their natural priggishness is thereby inflated and distended to an extent which seriously interferes with the comfort of others. Sometimes this dreadful mania for improving others takes its daily exercise in social life. Women will be seen making the lives of their husbands, brothers, and lovers a burden to them by this craze for altering and meddling with what really does not concern them, if they could only be persuaded to think so. Nothing will satisfy them but reform, root and branch, of all the habits and peculiarities which have become part of the nature of the unfortunate victim. It is the "See what I can do!" of the loving, restless fingers, which are never still. So a man shall have his beard or mustache shaven off, his whiskers docked, his latch-key taken from him, his cigars counted out to him, his manners looked after, and all his little weaknesses crushed out of him, until he hardly knows himself as he sits, shorn of his strength, the sport and derision alike of Barbarian and Philistine. It was said of Madame Récamier, "Elle était pour ses amis la sœur de charité, de leurs peines, de leurs faiblesses, et même un peu de leurs fautes." What a charming woman that must have been! But one of the class we have in view has been described as "being in this sort of benevolence thoroughly cruel, and she would listen to nothing that was said to her, *because she was convinced that she was managing admirably.*" There is a world of significance in the words we have italicized. This particular disposition has been perhaps rather pedantically defined as a deficiency of Eutropelia, which is the power of adapting your own mental attitude to that of others. Who will show us any good? Alas! how many are too ready to undertake the task under the impression that they, of all others, can demonstrate it most effectually! Indeed, there are people who do every thing as if they only had a right to do it. Say that your boots are square-toed. You will be told that this circumstance endangers your respectability, disfigures your proportions, causes you to be mistaken for a Frenchman or a German, diminishes your legitimate influence, offends the taste of your friends, and compels them to recoil from you in public and to mourn over you in private. If you once yield in the hope of being left alone you will assuredly commit a grave mistake; for, besides affording these Irrepressibles the unholy satisfaction of feeling that a point has been gained, you will discover that it is the prelude to other demands, and, before you know where you are exactly, you will find yourself attired in a swallow-tailed coat or a round jacket, or something else equally unsuitable to your habits and opposed to your own inclinations. It does not matter whether you go to bed early or late—if you did the one before you will have to do the other now; or whether you smoke five times or twenty times a day—whichever it is, your privileges will be reduced by one-half, and the safest plan is to demand in the first instance, and peremptorily, fully twice as much as you desire to obtain.

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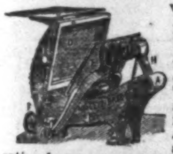

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